# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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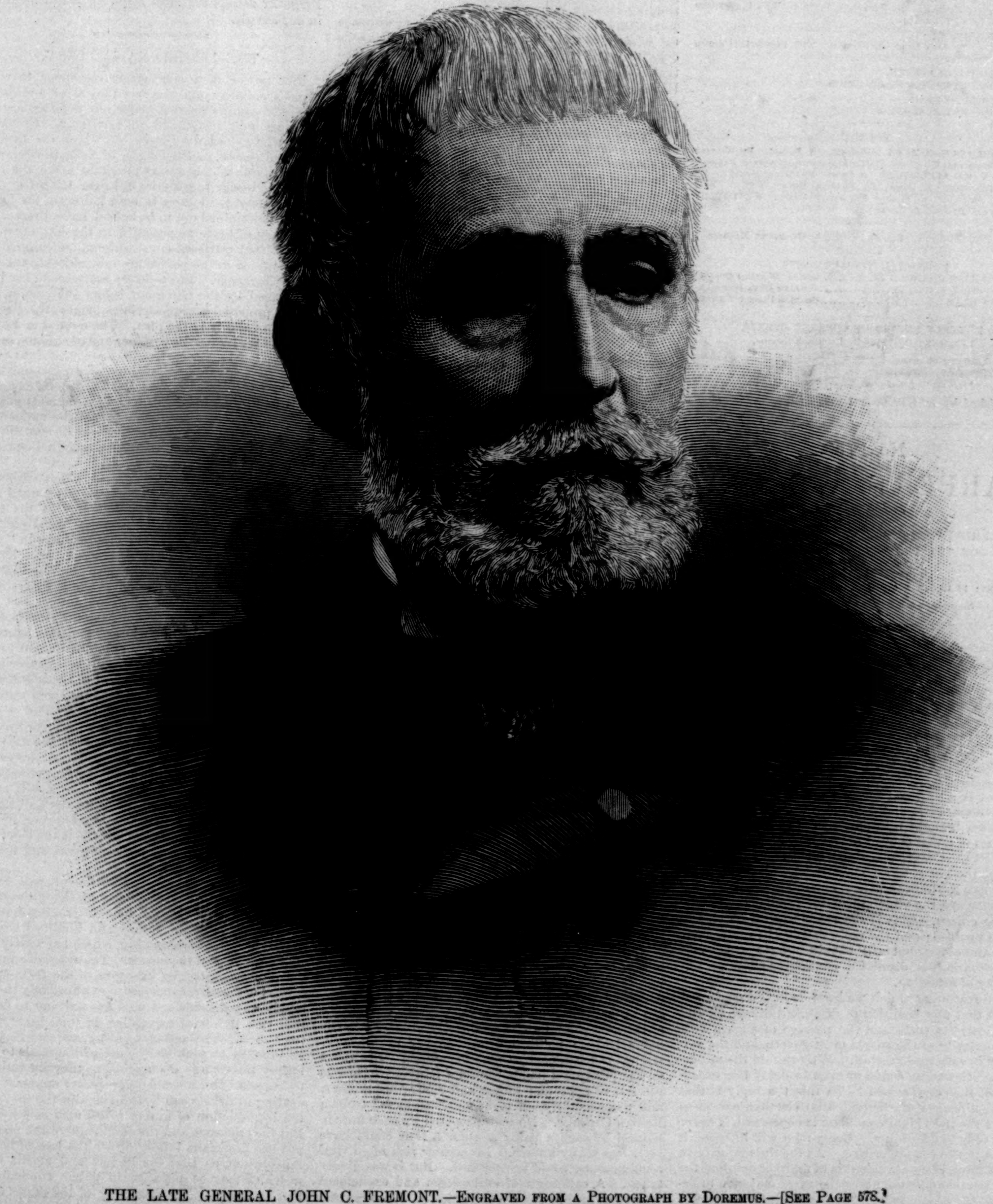

THE LATE GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT.—Engraved from a Photograph by Doremus.—[See Page 578.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

IMPRESSIONS OF BERLIN.
By Theodore Child. With Illustrations by T. de Thulstrup and Charles Mente.
MAGELLAN AND THE PACIFIC
By Edward Everett Hale. With Illustrations from Old Prints, and from a Drawing by A. R. Waud.
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By Edwin Lord Weeks. With Illustrations drawn by the Author.

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A CONVENT AT ROME.
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By Ellen B. Bastin

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A Story. By Richard Harding Davis.
THE BATHLEY AFFAIR.
A Story. By Lucy C. Lillie.

POETRY.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US. A Sonnet. By William Wordsworth. With three Illustrations drawn by Alfred Parsons. TO AN OLD APPLE-TREE. A Poem. By Coates Kinney. AN IMPRESSION. A Poem. By Rennell Rodd. THE UNDER LIFE. A Poem. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. WESTWARD. A Poem. By John B. Tabb.

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EDITOR'S STUDY ..........................William Dean Howells.
EDITOR'S DRAWER......................Charles Dudley Warner.

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## CONGRESSIONAL DEBATE.

THOSE who would violate the hitherto unbroken tradition of State control of elections would not be likely to respect the equally unbroken tradition of unchecked debate in the Senate. In all party contests the extreme tendency generally prevails, because the logic seems to be clear and conclusive. In the case of the election bill it proceeds in this way: the suppression of legal votes in any Congressional district is a national wrong; the Republican party has denounced it and demanded redress; the party has been brought into power; the Constitution authorizes national control of such elections; the pending bill provides for such control; consequently to oppose the bill is to renounce Republican principles, to oppose Republican policy, and to support dishonest elections and the violation of the fundamental right of the citizen. This is the reasoning by which the bill is justified; and the reply that it will not accomplish the object, but will merely bitterly exasperate the situation, is dismissed contemptuously as unworthy of attention.

The reasoning which we have described could not admit that any tradition of unlimited debate should be allowed to withstand the passage of such a bill. The majority of the people must govern, and the majority has decreed this bill. Why should the minority be allowed to defeat or even to delay the execution of the popular will? To this the reply is that the significance of a Presidential election, except so far as the individual candidate is concerned, is never very easy to determine. Every man will interpret it according to his preference. As for the majority in legislation, if the President is of another opinion, the Constitution does not allow the mere majority to decide. He alone, representing sometimes a popular minority, may defeat by his veto the will of the majority. Thus the rule of the mere majority is not an absolute law in our legislative system. Moreover, the object of debate is to persuade those who differ. Congress is not a body of delegates or agents holding powers of attorney; it is a deliberative assembly. If it should be assumed in the case of the present Congress, because the majority is Republican, that therefore any tariff bill or any election bill must be supported by every Republican, because his party has declared for protection and for honest elections, debate might be abolished altogether as a foolish waste of time, and every Republican member be regarded as a party traitor who did not vote as the Speaker or the caucus might require.

As the legitimate object of debate is persuasion, debate implies, necessarily, a possible change of opinion, consequently the majority of to-day upon any important question of expediency cannot be sure that it will be the majority of to-morrow. A Representative may be a Republican in the sense of conviction of the soundness of the protective principle. But it does not follow that he must therefore approve every scheme of a high protective tariff. Whether he be a Republican or not, he will favor free and fair elections. But it does not follow, by any means, that he must therefore approve every plan that may be proposed to secure such elections. The question of the pending election bill is one of expediency. The object of debate in the Senate is to prove or disprove the wisdom of the bill, and, with some members, its constitutionality. But it cannot fairly be assumed that those who desire some expedient must necessarily prefer the one offered by the bill, or that, because of their desire of some expedient, they may claim the rights of a majority for this particular scheme. When the actual majority have informally adopted this bill as their preference, they are still morally bound, from its peculiar character and the profound feeling with which it is regarded, to permit the utmost latitude of debate, in order to give themselves the opportunity of weighing all views and modifying their own. If debate is worth while at all, it is only because it may change opinion. To close debate arbitrarily, therefore, may prevent a change of opinion which would change the majority. This is not a plea for endless talk, but for the most reasonable exercise of an enormous and vital parliamentary power.

## FREMONT.

General Fremont was one of the picturesque figures of American politics. A certain romance invested his name and career arising from the story of his adventures as an explorer; but even when he was most conspicuous he had no real hold of the public mind and life. At a moment fortunate for him he caught the popular fancy, but he was merely a symbol, never a leader. There is no more striking illustration of the party system which has grown up under our institutions than that he was the first Republican candidate for the Presidency. The Republican party sprang from a moral sentiment. Its force and fire and triumph were due to the aroused conscience and intelligence of the country. Its growth and organization were phenomenal. In 1852 it did not exist. In 1856 it cast more than twelve hundred thousand votes, and won a moral victory. Its vote in the sixteen free States was only 46,510 less than the Whig vote in 1852 in all the States of the Union. Its candidate, **Fremont**, carried eleven of the sixteen free States, and in a popular vote of a little more than 4,000,000, the successful candidate, **Buchanan**, was in a minority of 377,629.

The surprise was that **Fremont** was the Republican candidate. Here was a force of moral conviction which was strong enough to shatter the party that embraced very much of the distinctive American intelligence, character, and substance, and to embody them suddenly in a new organization upon a moral basis. Under such circumstances its natural representative would seem to have been some leader who had carried the fiery cross and aroused the country, who was thoroughly identified with the cause in his own conviction, and in the minds of its enthusiastic supporters. But instead of such a chief the candidate of the new party was a young man known as an intrepid adventurer, who, happening upon California at a doubtful moment, had acquired by doubtful means a sudden prominence, which had brought him to the Senate, while the romance of his career was heightened by his elopement with the brilliant daughter of a conspicuous public man of Southwestern antecedents and character. To the great body of the new party he was practically unknown. His name had no political or antislavery significance. He had taken no active part in politics. His views on the most vital points were not familiar. He was the son of a French father and a Virginia mother, and was generally but erroneously supposed to be a Roman Catholic. No man proposed for such a nomination by such a party at such a time could have been less really known. No greater risk of so vital a public cause could be proposed. But it was gladly taken. A campaign of enthusiasm and excitement unprecedented in our politics followed. To the great mass of his ardent supporters **Fremont** was a veiled prophet. His name chimed with free speech, free press, and free soil, and that was enough. He had planted the national flag upon the water-shed of the Rocky Mountains. He would plant the flag of freedom upon the summit of national prosperity. He was young, without a past, the child of heroism, the hero of liberty. The less he was known, the loftier was the flight of imaginative forecast.

The good fortune of the Republican party was the defeat of **Fremont**. It was a defeat which gave the party disciplined enthusiasm and **Abraham Lincoln**. How entirely **Fremont** was a name and no more was shown by the fact that when four years later the victory of the Republicans was challenged by civil war, the only public man whose counsel was neither asked nor apparently desired was **Fremont**. Four years before, he had been the chosen representative of the cause that had now triumphed. But so wholly had he been a candidate of the imagination, a name to conjure with, that his opinion was not even solicited. Practically he had ceased to be, and never again was he an important public figure. His personal vitality, however, remained vigorous to the end. At seventy-five he was the same erect, alert, active figure that he had been forty years before, the hair grayer, but the eye as keen as in the earlier day. To many a man who does not yet feel old, the name of **Fremont** recalls the most inspiring political episode in our annals.

## THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY.

The power of a courageous Governor to withstand a majority, and the fact that a mere majority does not always prevail under our popular system, are just now illustrated in Louisiana. Governor **Nicholls** vetoed the lottery bill which the Legislature had passed, and the death of a Senator removes the one vote which was required to make the two-thirds necessary to pass the bill over the veto. But the agents of the lottery in both houses of the Legislature, determined not to be baffled, have directed the Secretary of State to promulgate the bill, upon the ground that proposed constitutional amendments to be submitted to the people are not subject to the veto of the Governor. But as every amendment has been sanctioned by the Governor before submission, and as this proposed act appropriates money, there seems to be no validity in the plea. The contest in Louisiana is of the highest importance and of national scope, because the lottery carries its corruption into every State. It has acquired immense power in Louisiana, and its suppression is a matter of general concern. Its organization is complete and its methods unscrupulous. The press of the State and the majority of the Legislature are apparently under its control, and it is to be seen how strongly its malign hand may have been laid upon the courts.

The vote upon the amendment which authorizes rechartering the lottery will not be taken until 1892, and the question will be paramount in the State until that time. It is one of those moral conflicts which always seem to be at a disadvantage in "practical politics," but which in this country are tolerably sure in the long-run to end well; and the vigorous controversy is an illustration of the activity of the public conscience. The Louisiana lottery has been brought to general public notice by the steadfast persistence of its opponents, whose association has worked most effectively to arouse public sentiment to save the honor of the State. The result is the more gratifying because the moral standard of Louisiana is not thought to be very high, and the easy and insidious corruption of the lottery could hardly find a more promising domain. The time is within the memory of living men when the lottery system was universal in this country. A little earlier it was found serviceable in raising money for important enterprises, and Union College, like Columbia at a still earlier day, thought no harm in availing itself of the aid of a lottery. But public opinion has now wholly changed, and the Louisiana lottery is the chief relic of the old mischief, but a relic of great and noxious vitality.

Through its immense ramifications it reaches into every part of the country, seducing the ignorant and idle and unwary with the hope of making a sudden fortune by a small venture, and kindling the consuming passion for gambling, which has widely ruined character and happiness. The reputable press of the whole country, by exposure of the facts and by cordial sympathy, can assist most effectively the honest citizens of Louisiana who are striving to destroy this vast power of corruption in their State and in the Union. The action of Congress also may well be invoked to prohibit the use of the mails to carry lottery tickets and documents, as they are forbidden to transport obscene and other similar matter. Local dealing in tickets can be forbidden in the States, and the introduction of lottery prizes may be prevented. But the exposure and the comments of the press can put the Louisiana lottery under the ban of national reprobation, so that the leaders and agents of the mischief may be pilloried in public condemnation and contempt. The fraternity of the States cannot be better illustrated than by their common interest and effort in so good a cause as the overthrow of the Louisiana lottery.

## PUBLIC DUTY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

If it was most fitting, as we said last week, that Harvard should confer the honor of her LL.D. upon President Low, of Columbia, not less was the propriety of giving it to Mr. Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia, a profound and accomplished scholar, who has often shown that such a scholar may be also a most active and valuable citizen. Mr. Lea has followed his stirring and vigorous letter of the spring upon Mr. Quay by another as forcible and timely. It is an appeal to the party with which Mr. Lea, who is a sturdy protectionist, generally acts, to rebuke by defeat the political domination of Mr. Quay in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Lea says that the great State is now politically "an object of pity and contempt throughout the Union." The Quay ascendency, he says, is based solely "on the adroit manipulation of patronage, inspired by the meanest selfishness," and at the coming election he demands "vindication":

> "It is not necessary to repeat to you the humiliating story of a public life stained with every variety of political immorality. That story has been scattered broadcast over the land by journals of the highest standing, which have defiantly challenged him to assert and defend his innocence by suing them for libel. The courts are open to him, and exemplary damages as well as acquittal before his countrymen would reward him if he could successfully face a jury and undergo a cross-examination, but for more than five months he has endured these accusations in stolid silence, without taking a step to redeem his character. The inevitable result is that he is regarded as acquiescing in the charges, and as virtually confessing his guilt, and the country at large is looking to see whether the once proud State of Pennsylvania has sunk to so low a pitch of degradation as contentedly to endure the domination of such a man."

A vindication, Mr. Lea admits, is needed, "but not the vindication of tainted politicians who dare not vindicate themselves. You are called upon to vindicate your own manhood, to vindicate the honesty of your own party, to vindicate the honor of your own State." Having shown that the Quay candidate is openly accused by a responsible citizen—Senator Emery—of bribery to secure his election to the State Legislature, and perjury to secure his seat, Mr. Lea asks:

> "If Pennsylvania, the stronghold of Republicanism, the typical Republican State, tamely acquiesces in the debauched domination of Quayism, and proclaims that Messrs. Quay and Delamater are its trusted and honored leaders, what chance, think you, will the Republican party have when it asks the support of the sober second thought of the country in 1892? Rebellion against usurped domination of such leaders is the truest fidelity to party and the highest duty of patriotism."

He concludes by saying that every Republican who votes for the Congressional and other local candidates who represent his convictions, by voting also for ex-Governor Pattison, who has proved that the interests of the State are safe in his hands, can help to secure the defeat of the spirit and tendency which are the "most dangerous and deadly to our institutions." The letter of Mr. Lea seems to us to express a much truer and safer Republicanism than the "regular" party nomination of Mr. Quay's candidate and the praise of Mr. Quay.

## MR. LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

The Boston *Journal* publishes a very interesting account of Mr. Lincoln at Gettysburg, given in conversation to its correspondent in Washington by Mr. John Russell Young:

> "The celebration at Gettysburg was on Cemetery Hill. I was sent to report it for the *Press*. I sat behind Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Everett delivered the oration. I remember the great orator had a way of raising and dropping his handkerchief when he spoke. He spoke for two hours, and was very impressive, with his white hair and venerable figure. He was a great orator, but it was like a bit of Greek sculpture—beautiful, but cold as ice. It was perfect art, but without feeling. The art and beauty of it captured your imagination and judgment. Mr. Everett went over the campaign with resonant, clear, splendid rhetoric. There was not a word, a sentence, or a thought that could be corrected. You felt that every gesture had been studied out beforehand. It was like a great actor playing a great part. Mr. Lincoln arose, walked to the edge of the platform, took out his glasses, and put them on. He bowed to the assemblage in his homely manner, and took out of his pocket a page of foolscap. In front of Mr. Lincoln was a photographer with his camera endeavoring to take a picture of the scene. We all supposed that Mr. Lincoln would make rather a long speech—a half-hour at least. He took the single sheet of foolscap, held it almost to his nose, and in high tenor voice, without the least attempt for effect, delivered the most extraordinary address which belongs to the classics of literature. The photographer was bustling about, preparing to take the President's picture while he was speaking, but Mr. Lincoln finished before the photographer was ready. I remember it was a beautiful October day, and there were four or five thousand people present. Very few heard what Mr. Lincoln said, and it is a curious thing that his words should have made no particular impression at the time. The noticeable thing was the anxiety of all on the platform that the photographer should be able to get his picture. I remember we were all very much disappointed at his failure, and were more interested in his adventure than in the address."

The recollections of this event differ. We have heard from a citizen of Gettysburg who heard the address that everybody was conscious that he had heard a great speech. Another gentleman noted the same contrast between the orators which Mr. Young remarks, but added that at the close the crowd remained silent for a moment, as if entranced, and then burst into cheers. We remember that the speech as reported the next morning made an immediate general impression of the kind that is now universal.

Mr. Everett's oration at Gettysburg has been long superseded in public interest by Mr. Lincoln's. But, as Mr. Young says, it was a very remarkable discourse; and one of its chief distinctions is that although delivered only about four months after the battle, the accuracy of its detailed description of the movements of the three days has not been seriously affected by all the mass of authoritative documents which have since accumulated. Mr. Everett's forecast from history that with the end of the war reunion would be much more rapid than then seemed possible has been justified by the event. His admirable scholarship and his long and careful training in oratorical narration made his discourses of this kind a valuable and permanent addition to our historical literature, as well as illustrations of the art of oratory.

## PUBLIC EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

At the late annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association at Saratoga, Superintendent Draper delivered his annual address, which was not only eloquent and valuable, but mentioned certain incidents which are very gratifying to the pride of New York, although generally unknown. The Superintendent is reported to have said:

> "The first public school in America of which we have any knowledge was upon Manhattan Island. The principle that all the property should educate all the children of a people was first enforced there. The oldest school in America is now maintained at No. 248 West Seventy-fourth Street, in the city of New York. It was in the colony of New York that teachers were first required to be certified or licensed. New York was the first State in the Union to levy a general tax for the encouragement of elementary schools, as she was also the first to establish a permanent State common-school fund. She was the first to establish State supervision of elementary schools. She was the first to specially provide for the education of teachers, and she is now doing more for the professional training of teachers than any other. The institute system was first established in New York. She was the first to provide school-district libraries. She was the first to publish a journal exclusively devoted to the interests of common schools. The first local association of a permanent character in the country among school-teachers was in New York city. The first State Teachers' Convention in the country was held at Utica, and the oldest permanent State Teachers' Association in America is the one I now have the honor to address. The first woman's college in America was established at Elmira, and the old Albany Female Academy is the first higher educational institution for women the world ever knew."

It is the more interesting that the story of common schools in the State is so creditable because the condition of education in colonial New York was not promising. Our earliest historian, Chief-Justice Smith, says that for many years he and the deputy-judges and the Episcopal clergy were the only college graduates, and in 1746, when the Legislature authorized a lottery to raise money to found a college, he knew but thirteen graduates in the province. The schools, he says, were of the lowest order, and in the State of Vassar, Elmira, and Cornell, of Mrs. Willard, the Albany Female Academy, and Barnard College, that there was nothing so generally neglected by the young women as reading.

The contrast between this condition of education and that which Superintendent Draper describes in his address is most striking and inspiring. But it is an inquiry of the utmost interest whether the elevation of private and public character in the State has kept equal pace with the progress of education. It is rather too large a question for the end of a short article, and there are probably few persons who are capable of answering it. But it is a point somewhat overlooked in our exultation at the extraordinary advance of education.

## MR. BELDEN'S BOOMERANG.

There was something pleasantly simple and innocent in Mr. Belden's circular to the Republican press urging it to bring a concerted pressure to bear upon Congress in favor of the election bill. The excellent chairman of the Congressional Committee forgot several things. He forgot the pregnant text which alleges the vanity of setting the snare in sight of the bird. He forgot that the decree of the caucus, which seems so awful to a member of Congress, is not very appalling to an editor. He forgot the indisposition of American human nature to submit to unsolicited dictation. He forgot that party spirit and discipline have not yet wholly crushed political independence; and forgetting such things, his circular was a boomerang.

Senator Morrill had just laughed at what he called the usual printed circular against the increase or imposition of a certain tariff duty. He meant to say that such circulars had not the weight of a spontaneous protest, but were carefully arranged by some central authority and distributed from its head-quarters. So a concerted appeal from the Republican newspapers to Congress, in obedience to General Order Number One from Chairman-General Belden commanding, would have been only his voice, not that of the American press. His circular, in fact, was the other prologue which told that the lion was not a lion.

It would be both significant and comical if the caucus were to control the voice of the newspapers as it controls the vote of members. It would be comical as an abandonment of the field and function of journalism to the independent press. It would be significant as the *reductio ad absurdum* of party discipline. Is it not enough for Commander Belden that partisan members of Congress speak and vote at the word of command? Would he have no expression of honest sentiment within party lines? Because he and his associates hold folly to be wisdom, would he have the newspapers also insist upon it? Insatiate archer, would not two houses of Congress suffice?

## PERSONAL.

Henry M. Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant have been married, the ceremony taking place in Westminster Abbey before a most distinguished assemblage. On her way to the chancel the bride stepped from the procession to lay a wreath upon Livingstone's tomb. Mr. Stanley was almost too sick to be on hand, and walked with the aid of a cane. The wedding gifts were naturally numerous, and many of them costly. The oddest of them all was a bottle of water from Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the most valuable a miniature of the Queen set in diamonds. The store of camel's-hair shawls, which used to do service whenever the Empress of India desired to bestow a wedding memento, seems to have been exhausted.

—The world's tennis champion is Willoughby J. Hamilton, of Ireland, who recently met and defeated the crack players of the Eastern Hemisphere at Wimbledon. He is twenty-five years old, and the fourth son of Canon Hamilton, of Dundrum, County Dublin. He excelled in athletic sports during his school-days, and when he entered a broker's office at Dublin, at the age of seventeen, was considered a player of unusual promise. Since then he has appeared in many leading tournaments, gradually pushing his way to the front.

—Mary Angela Dickens, a granddaughter of Charles Dickens, has just written her first long novel, her previous attempts being confined to short stories.

—Emperor William of Germany favors the erection of a monument to the poet Heine at his native town, Düsseldorf—a plan which does not meet the approval of the intolerant "orthodox party" of the district.

—President Charles Kendall Adams, of Cornell University, has been married in England to Mrs. A. S. Barnes, of New York.

—Professor Norman Dunshee, who taught President Garfield Latin and Greek at Hiram College, has just died at Des Moines, Iowa.

—The mansion of the late Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, at Marietta, Georgia, has been bought by Frank Roberts, a rich colored man, who is fitting it up for his use.

—Benjamin P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) is seventy-six years old.

—Darius L. Goff, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, who has a fancy for mechanical curiosities, possesses a clock that never runs down. Through an ingenious contrivance it is kept wound by the simple opening and closing of the front door of the house. Electrical appliances, operated by the running of the clock, raise the gas jet in the hall at dusk, and lower it at bedtime; ring an early-rising bell for the servants, a later one for the family, and, an hour later, the breakfast-bell; and when the hour is struck, musical cathedral chimes respond in the chambers of the house.

—Count Léon Tolstoï, the Russian novelist, is recovering from what threatened to be a fatal attack of liver complaint.

—Senator Morrill, although eighty years old, sticks to his post at Washington through this season of hot-weather legislation, and does not propose to return to his Vermont home till the session closes. He is in unusually good health.

—No man in New Hampshire was better and more favorably known than the late General Gilman Maston. He had served in both branches of Congress, and made a brilliant record for himself as a soldier during the war. Abraham Lincoln and Secretary Stanton considered him a trustworthy friend and reliable counsellor.

—Atlanta, Georgia, has a woman watch-maker in Mrs. E. A. Key, who supports herself and her children by the trade which she learned from her father.

—The Peabody Institute at Danvers, Massachusetts, the native place of George Peabody, was burned recently, the library and collection of curiosities being saved. It was established and endowed by Mr. Peabody, and will be rebuilt.

—A philanthropic desire to fit herself to be a nurse has led Lady Alexandra Leveson-Gower, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, to enter a London hospital.

—The Empress Eugénie is travelling in Norway under an assumed name.

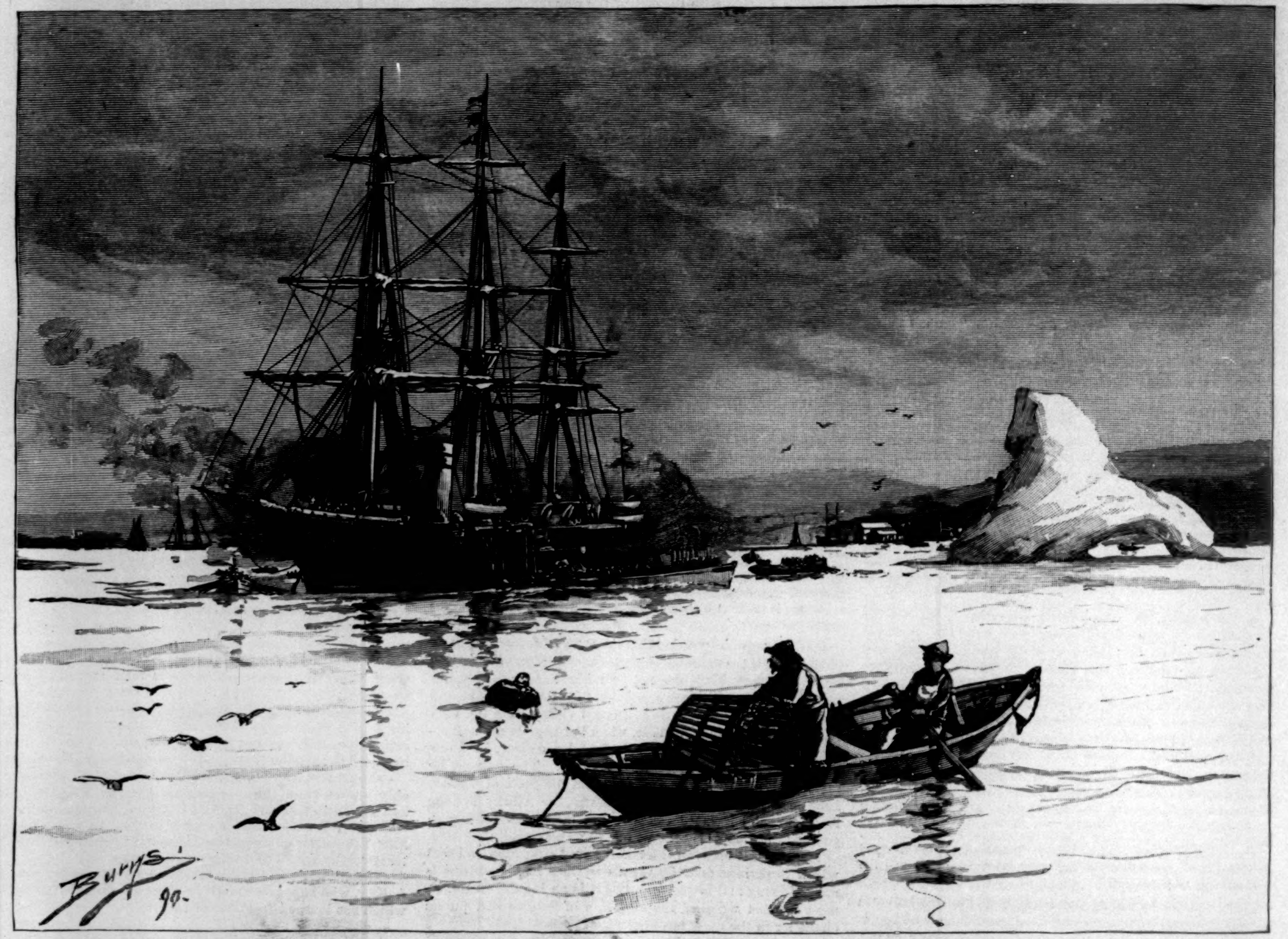
—Charles Dickens's youngest son is a member of the New South Wales Parliament.

—Cremation is not popular in England, although the Duke of Bedford has spent $100,000 in trying to make it so.

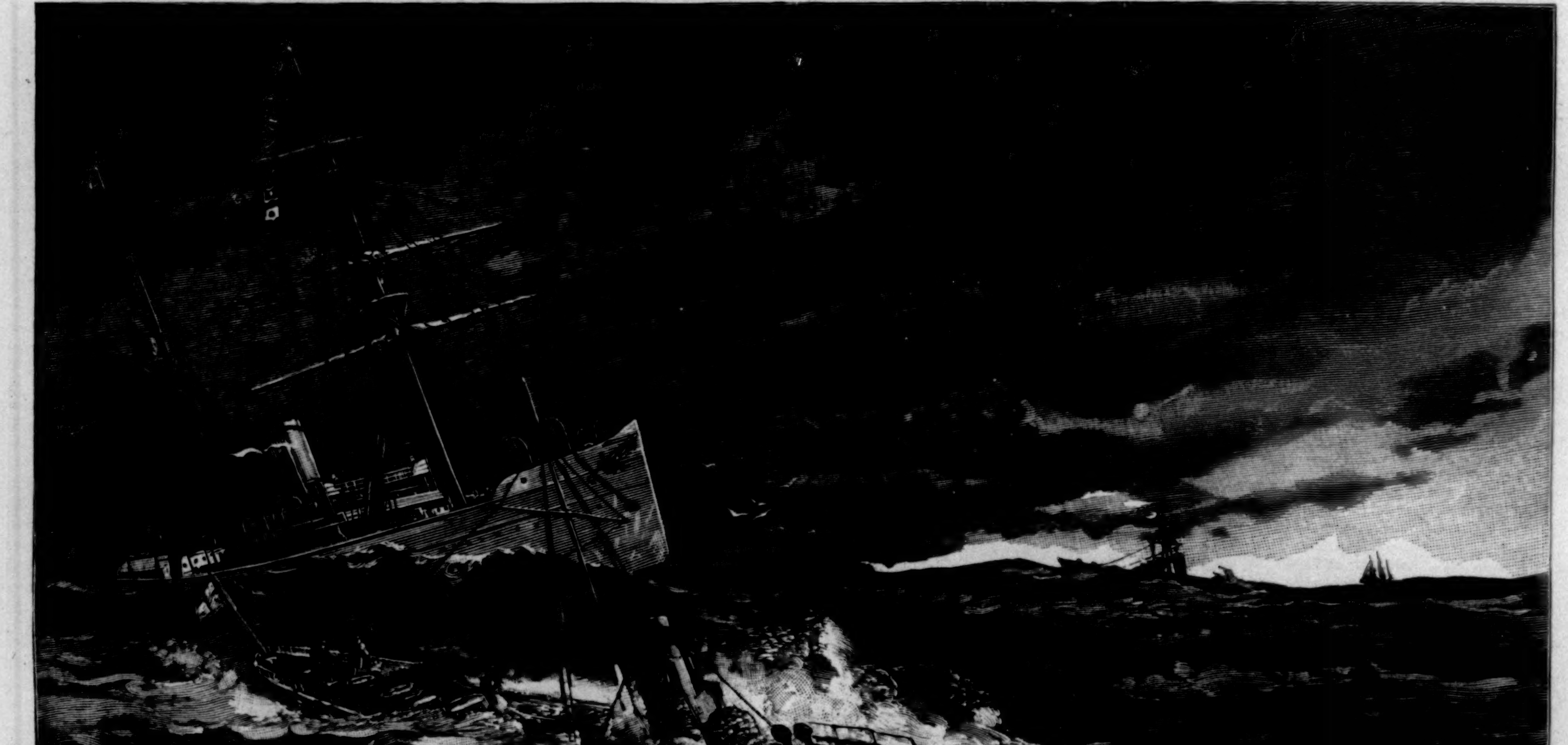
—The biography of Philip Henry Gosse, the famous English naturalist, is to be written by his son, Edmund Gosse.

—The Hon. Oscar S. Straus, until recently our Minister Plenipotentiary to Turkey, who is thoroughly familiar with the history, customs, and scenery of the Levant, writes of Dr. Ludlow's *Captain of the Janizaries*: "I know of no other book where the story of the fall of Constantinople is so well told. The organization and discipline of the corps of Janizaries are described with marvellous power, as well as the life among the Christians in the Balkans. The reader familiar with the history of the Byzantian Empire, while carried along by the attractive thread of the novel, feels that he is treading on well-surveyed historic grounds. I can state from personal knowledge that the descriptions of scenery in and about Constantinople are very accurate. In a word, the book so admirably combines fact and fiction that the novel loses nothing by reason of its history, and the history loses nothing by reason of the novel, but both gain in value and interest by being so skilfully interwoven."

—Lord Dunraven, known on both sides of the Atlantic as a sportsman and statesman, and more recently a competitor for honors as a yachtsman, has mingled work and pleasure more equally during the forty-nine years of his life than the ordinary inheritor of titles and wealth is accustomed to do. His name is Wyndham Thomas Wyndham-Quin, and he is an Irishman. After taking his degree at Oxford he joined the Lifeguards, but soon resigned his commission to go to the Abyssinian war as a newspaper man, red tape and army etiquette prohibiting his presence there as a soldier. In his new rôle he achieved considerable distinction, and during the campaign to Magdala he occupied the same tent with Stanley. When he returned he married, and in 1871 he succeeded his father in the earldom and the family estates. The old family mansion, Adare Manor, and its fourteen thousand acres of land, are in County Limerick, not far from the town of Limerick; while in Glamorganshire, Wales, is Dunraven Castle, with twenty-four thousand more acres of land, which was acquired by marriage in 1820. At these two country-seats Lord Dunraven has plenty of good shooting and fishing, which, with his tastes for yachting, rowing, and fencing, keep him in excellent health, notwithstanding the hard work he does in the House of Lords while Parliament is in session. Lord Dunraven has three daughters, but no son, and his peerage will eventually pass to a distant cousin.

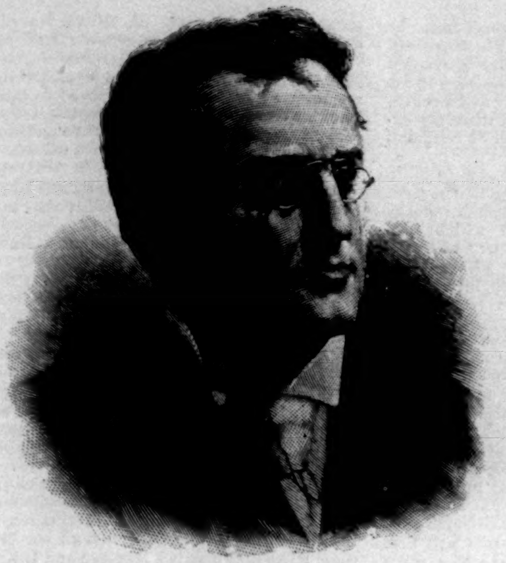


H. M. S. "EMERALD" LANDING MARINES TO CLOSE A BRITISH LOBSTER FACTORY AT BAY ST. GEORGE.

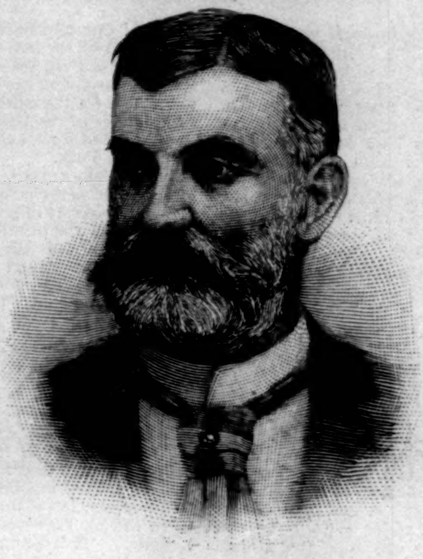


H. M. TRANSPORT "TYNE" CONVOYING TORPEDO-BOATS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC FOR THE DEFENCE OF HALIFAX.

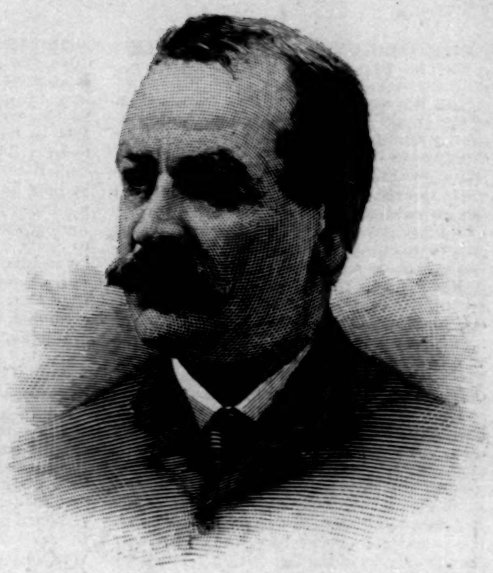
INCIDENTS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES DISPUTE.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. W. HAYWARD.—[SEE PAGE 582.]



THOMAS M. WALLER, OF CONNECTICUT, VICE-PRESIDENT.



D. B. PENN, OF LOUISIANA, VICE-PRESIDENT.



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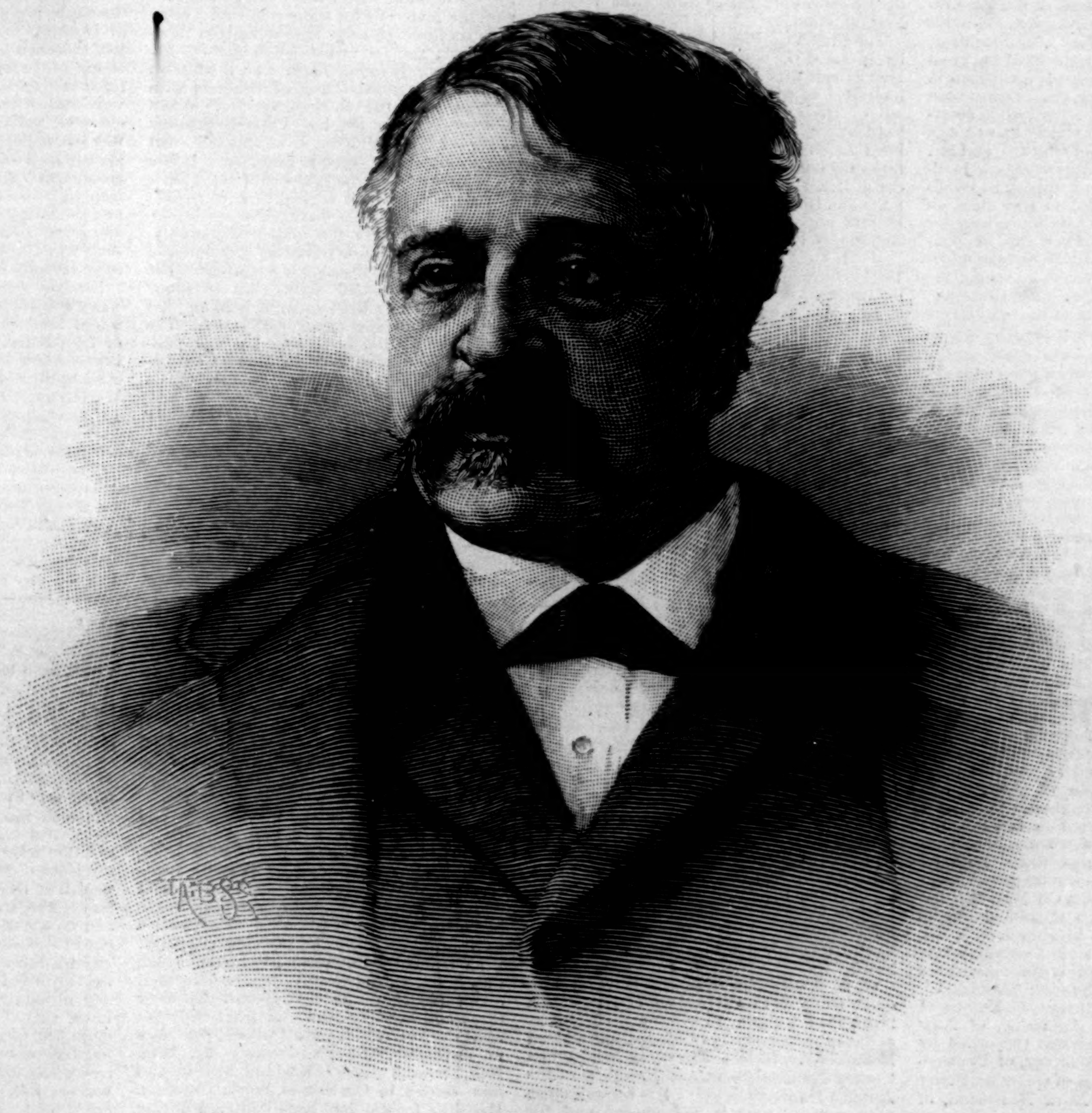
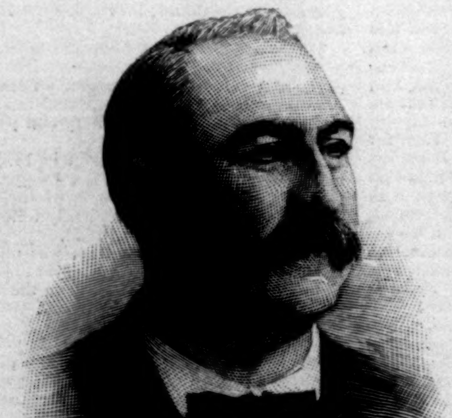
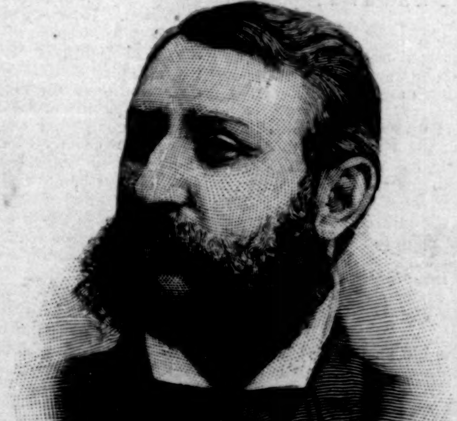


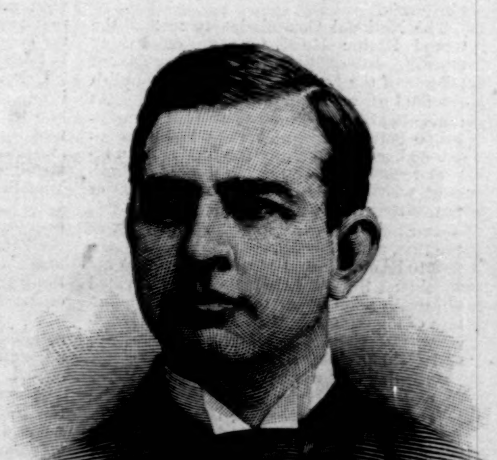
THOMAS W. PALMER, OF ILLINOIS, PRESIDENT.



A. B. ANDREWS, OF NORTH CAROLINA, VICE-PRESIDENT.



G. W. ALLEN, OF NEW YORK, VICE-PRESIDENT.



JOHN T. DICKINSON, OF TEXAS, SECRETARY.

OFFICE-BEARERS OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN COMMISSION—THE NATIONAL DIRECTING BOARD OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 578.]

## THE ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE first step toward the final organization of the World's Fair was taken on April 4th, shortly after Chicago had been designated by Congress as the favored city where the Exposition was to be held in 1893. The subscribers to the guarantee fund, as stockholders in the corporation, assembled and elected forty-five representative citizens as directors or governors of the local organization. The selections made were from every branch and profession, and the men are well known in business and mercantile circles, some of them enjoying a national reputation. Later in the month executive officers of the organization were chosen by the directors as follows: President, Lyman J. Gage, to receive a salary of $6000 a year; First Vice-President, Thomas B. Bryan, at $12,000 a year; Second Vice-President, Potter Palmer, who will receive no salary; and A. F. Seeberger, Treasurer, at $5000 a year. The difference in the amount of salary paid to the President and First Vice-President is accounted for by the fact that the latter has given up his entire law practice in order to work unsparingly for the success of the Exposition Mr. Gage is Vice-President of the First National Bank of Chicago, and his knowledge of finance fits him for the position as head of the local directors. Mr. Bryan, who has relinquished his law practice to serve as First Vice-President, was the organizer and President of the great Sanitary Fair which was held in Chicago in 1865 in aid of the soldiers, and has also been engaged in a number of other public enterprises. Potter Palmer is widely known as a prominent business man of Chicago, and Mr. Seeberger is head of a large wholesale hardware firm. The two most important standing committees appointed at that time, on Finance, and Grounds and Building, have for their chairmen Ferd W. Peck and De Witt C. Creiger. Mr. Peck, it will be remembered, was the leading spirit which brought the great Chicago Auditorium into existence, and Mayor Creiger was one of the most active workers in the effort to bring the Fair to Chicago.

Early in May a call was issued by the directors for eighteen per cent. of the amount subscribed by the stockholders, being $1 80 per share of capital stock. This money was needed for current expenses, and ordered to be paid on or by June 1st. On June 12th a special meeting of the stockholders was held, and the following questions were voted on and carried: 1. To increase the capital stock to $10,000,000. 2. To change the name of the corporation to the World's Columbian Exposition. 3. To ratify the proceedings of the Board of Directors. The Common Council of the city of Chicago asked permission to increase the bonded indebtedness of the city by $5,000,000, the money to be expended in aid of the Exposition. Pursuant to this request Governor Fifer issued, June 14th, a call for a special meeting of the Legislature, to convene July 23d, so as to authorize the increased issue of bonds. According to the bill passed by Congress the Governors of the different States and Territories named two Commissioners from each State, one Democrat and one of Republican faith, with two alternates. As stated in the bill, the Exposition was to be of a national and international character, and these National Commissioners were to exercise general control over the Exposition. On May 26th the commissions of the men appointed by the Governors were signed by President Harrison, and the following eight Commissioners at Large were appointed by him: Augustus D. Bullock, of Massachusetts; Thomas W. Palmer, of Michigan; Richard C. Kerens, of Missouri; Edward H. Ammidon, of New York, who resigned, and was succeeded by G. W. Allen; Peter B. Widener, of Pennsylvania; Samuel M. Inman, of Georgia; Henry Exall, of Texas; and Mark McDonald, of California.

The National Commissioners met at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on Friday morning, June 27th, to elect the permanent officers of the Exposition and to accomplish the final organization of the movement. At a meeting held a few days before, a Committee on Permanent Organization had been appointed, and at this meeting they made a report recommending the election of a President, whose full title should be President of the World's Columbian Commission; five Vice-Presidents, to be known respectively as the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth—the first to be of differing political faith from the President, the others to be equally divided politically; and a Secretary. After the adoption of the report the Hon. Thomas W Palmer was elected President by acclamation, and Colonel John T. Dickinson, Secretary. On the day following, Thomas M. Waller, of Connecticut; M. H. De Young, of California; D. B. Penn, of Louisiana; G. W. Allen, of New York; and A. B. Andrews, of North Carolina, were appointed Vice-Presidents of the National Commission.

Thomas Witherell Palmer, widely known as Senator from Michigan and United States Minister to Spain, was born in Detroit sixty years ago. He studied in St. Clair College and the University of Michigan, which latter institution he was obliged to leave in his Junior year owing to eye trouble. After journeying through Spain and South America he engaged in business in Wisconsin, returning later to Detroit, where he entered the real-estate business, turning in 1855 to the lumber trade. In this business he soon became one of the leading lumbermen of the Northwest, and in course of time amassed a large fortune. Entering State politics in 1878, he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1880 he ran for Governor on the Republican ticket. Three years later he was elected United States Senator from Michigan, and in 1888 he retired permanently from active political life after an honorable record. Mr. Palmer was appointed United States Minister to Spain by President Harrison, which post he resigned when placed upon the World's Fair Commission. His great executive ability was recognized by his colleagues on the commission, and he is eminently fitted for the honorable post to which he has been elected.

John Thilman Dickinson, the newly elected Secretary, is a young man of thirty-two, having been born in Houston, Texas, in 1858. He graduated from the University of Virginia when twenty-one years of age, and began the practice of law. After a year he took up journalism, and became editor and part owner of the Houston *Daily Telegram*. He acted as secretary of several State boards for several years, in which capacity he was very successful. He was appointed a State Commissioner by the Governor of Texas, after having gone to Washington to boom the Southwestern States during the World's Fair agitation.

The First Vice-President, Thomas M. Waller, is one of the best-known men in the East. He is about fifty years of age, and has been interested in politics for the last twenty-five years. He is a native of New York by birth, but Connecticut is his adopted home, having lived there the greater part of his life. Four times elected to the Legislature on the Democratic ticket, he has also been Secretary of State and Governor of Connecticut. In 1885 he was appointed United States Consul to London by President Cleveland.

M. H. De Young was born in St. Louis in 1848. With his parents he crossed the plains to California in 1853, and settled in San Francisco. For a while he sold papers on the streets of San Francisco, and then became a printer. In 1865, with his brother Charles, he started the *Dramatic Chronicle*, and assumed charge of the business department. The paper became the San Francisco *Chronicle* later, and the growth of the journal has been closely identified with the progress of the Pacific coast. After the death of his brother in 1880, Mr. M. H. De Young became full owner of the *Chronicle*, and he has since then proved his efficiency as editor as well as proprietor. He has been on the National Committee and delegate to Republican Conventions, in which party he stands in the foremost rank.

Colonel Davidson B. Penn is a native of Virginia, having been born in that State in 1836. He received his education at Spring Hill College and the Military Institute at Lexington. After graduating in 1856, he studied law in the University of Virginia, and then moved to New Orleans. When the war broke out he entered the Confederate service as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Louisiana. He attained the rank of Colonel, and at the close of the war held the position of Brigadier-General. He then entered into mercantile life, and later became a planter. In 1872 he ran on the Democrat-Liberal fusion ticket for Lieutenant-Governor, but was defeated. When Governor Kellogg was expelled from the State-house by the White League, Colonel Penn was Acting Governor for twenty-four hours. Since 1886 he has lived a farmer's life in Tensas Parish, Louisiana.

G. W. Allen, who took Mr. E. H. Ammidon's place as Commissioner at Large, is a resident of Auburn, New York. He was at at one time interested in Chicago, and resided in that city. He is a director in the Cayuga County National Bank, and President of the Auburn Street Railroad. His acquaintance with railroad men is wide-spread, and for that reason he is a valuable acquisition to the commission. Mr. Allen is a Republican in faith.

Colonel A. B. Andrews, of North Carolina, is one of the prominent railroad men of the South. He was at one time General Superintendent of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, and later, President of the Western North Carolina road. At present he is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Richmond and Danville Railroad. He has done much toward opening and developing the country west of the Blue Ridge. Colonel Andrews is a Democrat, and was a Captain of cavalry during the war, and later upon the staff of Governor Jarvis.

The selections for officers of the organization have been made with due care, and all sections of the country are ably represented.

According to the bill passed by Congress, the National Commission is empowered to select, if thought advisable, such site as may be selected and offered by the local directors. Acting upon this, the local board for some time past have been debating the most available and at the same time most advantageous location for the Exposition. From the first there have been practically but two sites considered—Jackson Park and the lake front. The local sentiment has been divided on these two points, the west and south side residents pushing forward the claims of their respective localities. Desiring to accommodate both sections, it was at length decided to utilize both positions, and on July 2d the National Commissioners accepted from the local directors the two sites. The lake front and Jackson Park are eight miles apart, and it is the purpose of the commissioners to use the former for the more artistic and mechanical portions of the Exhibition, while the agricultural and stock exhibit will be relegated to Jackson Park.

On the lake front it is necessary to fill in a number of acres of land, which at present are comparatively of no value and not in use. The Illinois Central Railroad, which runs along part of the lake front, will move its tracks further east, and will pay $1,500,000 to the Exposition, in addition to filling in a portion of the land. In return for this, the railroad company will acquire new lands and rights of way, which will more than compensate them for the expenditure and trouble. In fact, it is estimated that for about three millions of dollars expended, they will receive lands worth three to five times as much. It is proposed to fill in the lake as far out as the breakwater, and it is possible that the national government may object, as a great deal of money has been spent in dredging that portion; but if the scheme is approved, there will be 350 acres of available land for buildings. It is estimated that it will take six or eight months to fill in the lake, and a year from the present time before the plans for the buildings are completed, and to prepare the materials for the structures. More than six hundred acres are available at Jackson Park, and the railroad will connect the two points. Being upon the lake, it will also be easy to organize a fleet of steamers with which to carry the visitors to and fro. When one reflects that the late Paris Exposition occupied but 180 acres, it is apparent that more than ample space is provided. It is a question whether the division of the Fair is advisable. There is a great deal to be said in favor of both sides, but the National Commission went over the matter thoroughly, and it is generally believed by disinterested persons that their decision is a wise one. The matter is not settled finally, but so much time has already been spent, it is likely that the present arrangements will stand. The election of a Director-General has been postponed until the fall, as the National Commission adjourned on July 3d, to meet again next October.

## JOHN C. FREMONT.

THE life of John C. Fremont, which came to an end in New York city July 13, 1890, must always remain unique in American history. Half French and half American, he inherited the dash and restless ambition of the one and the versatility and pluck of the other. As is generally the case with the most picturesque lives, his career was largely the result of his natural qualities and the circumstances in which he was placed, rather than of a philosophic and constant purpose. His career was a kaleidoscope, which, as fortune turned from year to year, fell into combinations and colors which no one had anticipated, and which seemed to have no special connection either with the past or the future.

### I.

Fremont's father left France about the end of the last century, with the intention of settling in San Domingo; but after being taken prisoner by the British, he finally drifted to Norfolk, Virginia. There his chief means of support seems to have been teaching his native language, until he married a bright young Virginia lady of some property. Both had great fondness for travel, which they gratified by extensive journeys in their own carriage; so that it happened that their three children were born in three different States. The eldest, John Charles, was born in Savannah, Georgia, January 21, 1813. Mrs. Fremont was left a widow in 1818, and soon settled in Charleston, South Carolina. Her little fortune had been scattered during the few years of her married life.

The boy's education was not, however, neglected. He easily acquired more than an ordinary knowledge of the classics, but had a special fondness for mathematics. His restless spirit constantly rebelled against the dull routine of the college curriculum, and he so frequently broke away from it that ere he had completed his course the faculty found it necessary to expel him. Then for four or five years he made his living by teaching mathematics in Charleston and on board a United States sloop of war, with which he also made a long cruise. On his return Charleston College voted him his degree. After passing a difficult examination for a professorship in the United States navy, he suddenly resolved to decline an appointment, and turned his attention to civil engineering in connection with railroads.

In the spring of 1838 he was appointed assistant to the distinguished French explorer Nicollet, whom the War Department had employed to explore and make a map of the then wild country extending from the upper waters of the Missouri River to the British line. The strangeness and vast expanse of this country—swarming with savage life and full of natural curiosities—strongly appealed to the young man's imagination. His constant association with Nicollet at this time, and with other scholars after the return of the expedition to Washington, greatly deepened his scientific tastes. But it was not in his nature to be solely a scientist and a recluse. He was of just the age to enjoy the society of the capital. A fifteen-year-old daughter of Senator Benton soon had the young man at her feet. The Senator and Mrs. Benton would not even consider the match, and the former is supposed to have been instrumental in having Fremont ordered away to Iowa to report on the condition of certain of its Indian tribes. On his return to Washington, in the autumn of 1841, the objections of the parents were rendered futile by a secret marriage. For this Fremont had an illustrious precedent in the elopement of a young Lieutenant named Jefferson Davis with the daughter of Zachary Taylor

### II.

Fremont's genius showed itself chiefly in his explorations, which were fully appreciated at the time by his fellow-countrymen, and were known to the scientific world of Europe. His five different exploring expeditions covered a period of more than ten years. Before the first of these expeditions general ignorance prevailed as to the specific character of the country between the eastern slopes of the Rockies and the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas. This he supplanted with accurate and extensive information as to nearly the entire region west of the Missouri River and between Mexican and British possessions.

The personal experiences of members of the exploring parties would make a volume of thrilling interest. In those days buffaloes swarmed on the Western plains; hostile bands of Indians were frequently encountered and routed. The lives of the explorers were full of extremes. From a superabundance of buffalo meat on the hot prairies, it was often but a few days before the party almost died of famine in the snow of the mountains. At different times some of them were killed by Indians, overcome by the cold, lost in storms, and forced to eat their horses and dogs. They descended rapids, and cut their way through snow-banks until many of their animals died of exhaustion and hunger.

Fremont was an ideal leader. His courage was a constant quality. His companions admired him for his generous feeling for all of his company; and they could not but be brave when led by one who had no fear. Among his companions was the famous scout Kit Carson, whose eccentric daring and skilful hunting enlivened with many surprising incidents the experiences of the expeditions which he accompanied.

The object of the first expedition was to obtain accurate knowledge as to the character of the Territories of Nebraska and Wyoming, and especially of South Pass—the opening through the mountains on the way to Oregon. He accomplished even more than this; going farther north, he planted the United States flag on the highest peak of the Rockies, which now bears his name. His report at once made it evident that much of this Western country was so fertile that it would soon be settled.

The second expedition, which started in the spring of 1843, and lasted for fourteen months, was much more ambitious. Its object was to explore the possible lines of communication between Missouri, Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and Oregon, and to find a way by land from the lower Columbia River to the bay of San Francisco. The wonderful hardships endured upon this expedition were rewarded with the marvellous disclosures of the geographical variety and wealth of the country traversed. The great Salt Lake was hitherto almost unknown, and no accurate information existed with regard to California north of Sacramento. It was his report of the resources of Utah that first attracted the attention of the Mormons, and ultimately led to their removal to Salt Lake City. During this expedition Fremont led unguided over the mountains his band, composed mainly of French Canadians, where, the native savages told him, there was no trail, and where his beasts of burden could find neither subsistence nor footing. These heroic deeds spread his fame wherever newspapers were read, and won from his government the double brevet of First Lieutenant and Captain.

The purpose of the third expedition, begun in 1845, was to explore the great basin and coast of California and Oregon. Political events interposed, and transformed this scientific expedition into a military and political conquest.

The fourth expedition, begun in 1848, at his own expense, discovered a passage to California *viâ* the head waters of the Rio Grande, along a route subsequently followed by the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The fifth and last expedition was undertaken in 1853, with a view to discover the best route for a national highway from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific Ocean.

### III.

Before the arrival of the third expedition in California the United States had begun to feel the appetite for territory euphemistically called manifest destiny. California was then a Mexican province, but both Great Britain and the United States were anxious to acquire it. The Mexican authorities gave Fremont permission to extend his explorations into California, but soon afterward withdrew it, and ordered him out of the country. This order the explorers found it inconvenient to obey, and prepared to resist it by selecting and fortifying a strong position near Monterey. There they raised the American flag, and awaited the coming siege of the Mexicans. Shortly afterward, however, Fremont decided to proceed to Oregon, and General Castro, commanding the Mexicans, sent a proposal for cessation of hostilities. When the messenger from Castro arrived, Fremont had already departed.

In the spring of 1846 Fremont received specific orders from his government to champion its interests in California against the anticipated attempts at acquisition by Great Britain and the attacks of the Mexicans upon the settlers from the United States. He returned to California to meet the vastly superior forces of the Mexicans, and by uniting under his standard the scattered settlers who approved his purpose, to conquer the territory. Fremont had already surmounted too many obstacles to falter now. In less than thirty days he won the territory from the Mexicans, and on July 4, 1846, he was chosen its Governor. Six months later the Mexicans capitulated, and California thenceforth belonged to the United States.

Fortune often trebles the power of her heroes by letting them become martyrs. About this time a dispute in regard to the superiority of command arose between Commodore Stockton and General Kearny. The former had borne the brunt of the struggle in California before Kearny arrived. He had constantly been recognized by Fremont as the chief commander; and as it was not entirely evident that the government meant to supersede him, Fremont declined to recognize Kearny. The right of the case was not all on Fremont's side, but Kearny treated him with unreasonable harshness, and disregarded his high personal qualities. In the autumn of 1847 he was brought to Washington to be tried by a court-martial. In January following he was found guilty of mutiny, disobedience of a superior officer, and "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline," and sentenced to dismissal from the service. However, he was recommended to the clemency of the President, who disapproved the finding of mutiny, and remitted the penalty. Fremont immediately resigned his commission. Being not in the least discouraged, he soon afterward resolved to make a fourth expedition, and to settle in California on his vast and rich estate called Mariposa.

### IV

Again, almost before he had time to think of it, he entered upon an entirely new field. First explorer, then conqueror, he was now to be one of the first two Senators from California, and, better than all, he was to be one of her pioneers of freedom. Unfortunately for him and for the State, he drew the short term, so that he actually had but three weeks of service in the Senate. During this brief period, nevertheless, he fathered nearly a score of bills relating to California, and took an active part in the debates relating to them. He believed in the "code of honor," like a true Southerner of that day. In California he had challenged an officer who had attempted to humiliate him; and now, when Senator Foote, of Mississippi, in the course of a debate in the Senate, reflected upon the character of the legislation sought for California, Fremont demanded a retraction of the offensive words. He failed of re-election on account of his hostility to the extension of slavery.

In 1852 Fremont went to Europe to obtain the best means to work the rich mines on Mariposa. The crowned heads and scientists of England and France honored him with distinguished attentions. Already the great Alexander von Humboldt had extolled him as an explorer, "a friend of liberty and of the progress of intelligence"; the Prussian government had given him a gold medal, and the Royal Geographical Society of London had awarded him the Founder's Medal. After returning to make his fifth expedition and remaining a short time in California, he settled in New York early in 1855.

In 1856 the newly formed Republican party—a party of men who had become tired of old legends and of leaders who had long taken counsel of their fears—was in search of a man who stood for something positive against the extension of slavery, and who would inspire the new generation of voters. Fremont had a wider and more popular fame than any other American of his time. He had feared nothing; risked his fortune as only heroes do; had constantly stood for high ideas, and had always shown himself worthy of Humboldt's characterization. The older candidates and politicians were put aside, and Fremont, then only forty-three years old, received the Presidential nominations of both the Republicans and the National Americans. Although these parties were small, enthusiasm for the "Pathfinder" became so great as to surprise his most ardent friends, to frighten away from their party thousands of Know-Nothings, and to make even the Democrats fear the worst. Buchanan was elected; but Fremont obtained the electoral votes of nearly all the Northern States—receiving 114 of the entire electoral vote, while Buchanan received 174, and polled thirteen hundred thousand votes, as against Buchanan's eighteen hundred thousand. In 1858 he again returned to his California estate.

### V.

Fremont was in Europe when the civil war began. He purchased a large supply of arms from France, returned to the United States, and soon was made a Major-General of the regular army, with head-quarters in St. Louis. Fremont was a born radical, and his military training had not been such as to fit him for so high a command. As always, his energy was intense, but not systematic. He soon declared martial law, arrested secessionists, and muzzled the opposition press. His financial administration was careless, and he was greatly imposed upon by some of his friends. His personal traits and ideas created great admiration among the people, but drew forth the bitter enmity of many of his subordinate officers and of the politicians; hence he was constantly subjected to severe personal criticism. In August, 1861, he assumed the government of the State of Missouri, and declared that he would emancipate the slaves of all who were in rebellion against the United States. This declaration was in advance of the public opinion of the time, and Lincoln found it necessary to call for its withdrawal. When Fremont refused to withdraw it, it was promptly annulled by the President. In November of the same year Fremont was removed on account of the alleged extravagances and inefficiency of his administration.

Popular sympathy with Fremont was so great that it seemed important to reinstate him in the army. In the spring of 1862 he was placed in command of the mountain district south of the Ohio River. Here he had to confront the military genius of "Stonewall" Jackson. Although he fought the Confederates with great bravery, the military skill displayed and the general results of several weeks' fighting did not tend to silence the unrelenting critics who had been constantly pursuing him. In June, 1862, the Army of the Potomac was created, and Fremont's corps was incorporated in it. Fremont immediately asked to be relieved from service under its commander, General Pope, on account of personal considerations. Thenceforth he held no command, although he desired one, and averred that Lincoln had promised it.

Nearly all of the political discontent in the Republican party centred in Fremont, because he was the most attractive political opponent of Lincoln, and because his impulsive efforts for emancipation had greatly pleased the abolitionists. Those who were commonly called radical Republicans held a Convention in Cleveland in May, 1864, and nominated him for the Presidency. Later it became evident that the antagonism between Lincoln and Fremont, if continued, would result in the defeat of both. As Lincoln was much the stronger candidate, Fremont withdrew, upon the condition, it has often been said, that Montgomery Blair, who had been one of Fremont's severest critics, should no longer remain in the cabinet.

Since the war Fremont's notoriety and success have been quite the reverse of what they were during the two preceding decades. He was at one time interested in a plan for a great transcontinental railroad from Norfolk, Virginia, to San Francisco; but it was unsuccessful, and the misrepresentations of his French agents, by no fault of his own, cast a shadow upon his name. From 1878 to 1881 he was Governor of the Territory of Arizona. For several years he was in quite destitute circumstances, and seemed to have been forgotten by a country to whose history he had added many romantic pages, and in whose behalf he had devoted the best years of his very important life. At last, however, in the spring of the present year—let it be remembered with pride—Congress awoke to its generous duty, and authorized the President to appoint him Major-General, and place him on the retired list. This gave him the very comfortable salary of $5625 per annum. His last years were happily devoted to the preparation of a very extensive autobiography, of which only the first volume has been published.

FREDERIC BANCROFT.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF TOPEKA.

APART from its material progress, which has wellnigh passed into a proverb, the State of Kansas has become noted among its Western neighbors for the wisdom and liberality with which it has provided for the education of the young. The early settlers of Kansas built school-houses and churches before they did anything else in the way of public improvements, and when their various communities had grown to be prosperous towns and cities, they showed a commendable rivalry in building high-schools and colleges. According to population, Kansas probably has as many colleges as any other State in the Union, and yet each year new collegiate institutions are founded to meet the increasing demand for higher intellectual training. The most noteworthy movement in this direction during the present year has been the practical culmination of the work of organizing the University of Topeka. It had been intended originally to begin the educational work of the university with a building costing about fifty thousand dollars, but the organizers found among the people of the State, and especially among members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with which the university is connected, such practical interest in the undertaking that they were able to begin with a structure worth three times as much. Ground was broken for the building on June 16th, and since that time the work of construction has been going forward briskly.

Few colleges have begun life with such a commodious building, or with such liberal provision for future growth. As most institutions of learning are usually slow in reaching their full growth, the beginning made by this new University of Topeka is more than ordinarily promising, even for the West, where things are supposed to spring up ready-made in the course of a night. Judged from a practical point of view, the new building will be one of the architectural ornaments of the State. It will rank with the Capitol as one of the show-places of Topeka. In dimensions the structure will be 272 feet long, and from 80 to 100 feet in width. Its four stories of height will be surmounted by two large towers, the larger of which will be 100 feet high. In addition to a large chapel-room, the building will contain twenty recitation-rooms, twenty instructors' studies, two large society-rooms, a reception-room, and a President's office. It is thought that these rooms will accommodate the students for two or three years, when it will probably be necessary to put up a second building. In the West the growth of an institution of this kind is more rapid than in the East, probably for the reason that the push and enterprise of Western business men have a strong influence in educational and religious matters. It is worthy of note, as an indication of the trend of events in the West, that most of the colleges and seminaries in the West are under Church control. The leading denominations have taken up the cause of education almost as earnestly as the cause of the gospel, with the result that the colleges of the West are among the most useful and practical in the country. Many people of Kansas and elsewhere think that this is the best kind of missionary work.

When the Churches began their educational work in the West, they sought to do little more than educate young men for the ministry; but as the necessities and opportunities of the situation became more apparent, the educational scope was broadened, so that now the new University of Topeka will be equipped to teach all branches of knowledge after the methods of the best-managed universities. Here the management will seek to teach the arts and sciences side by side with theology. The measure of success will depend solely upon the care with which the institution is managed. If the Kansas people do this as well as they have done other things of a more difficult nature, there cannot be any doubt of the result. A good beginning has already been made. Although the university will be under Church control, any student of any denomination—or no denomination at all, for that matter—will be able to find instruction in any study, whether that study be theology, medicine, practical science, or the liberal arts. This is a good foundation for a great Western seat of learning. There is no reason why, in the course of time, Topeka should not have one of the foremost universities of the United States. The city of Topeka is in many ways fitted to be the home of such an institution. Its people are cultured, liberal-minded, and progressive; its location with respect to the geographical divisions of the West is central and easy of access, and its reputation among other cities beyond the Mississippi is of the best. Its tributary territory is extensive, rich, and progressive, while its prospects for future growth are as promising as those of any other city in the West. If the people of Topeka make use of their advantages by giving to the new university that local support and loyalty which is so necessary to the success of a collegiate institution, they will do a generous share toward strengthening and maintaining one of the most valuable elements of Western civilization.

## THE CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA.

(*Continued from page 572, Supplement.*)

there must have come to many a man who learned of the delights of clubdom from his experience in the League, the thought that there may be just a trifle too much shop in a purely political club, and that sometimes it might be agreeable, when one is taking his ease, to escape the jargon of partisanship. There can be no doubt that the large and general membership of the Union League bred club-men, and had much to do with the breaking up of the old indifference to those institutions. For clubs are to be found everywhere in the modern Philadelphia, and whereas, not many years ago, even the old institution on the corner of Thirteenth and Walnut streets was the constant resort of only a few of its members, now there may be found a comfortable company of idlers in any one of three or four other clubs.

The first serious attempt to found a second purely social club was made in 1875, when the Social Art was started. Art is a passion that Philadelphians have generously indulged for many years, and some of the cleverest men of the town instituted the new club for its further encouragement, but suddenly the organization seems to have been seized in the vigorous current of club life, and out of it has grown the Rittenhouse, a club filled with the true and admirable spirit of association, rich and charming in all its appointments, filled with the younger life of the elder town—a life which is more and more taking on a larger metropolitan tint. The Rittenhouse, if it is to be compared with kindred organizations in New York, is like the Knickerbocker or the Calumet. There is also in its charter, whether or not it may be found beyond, a trifle of the flavor of our own St. Nicholas. The charter reads that the object of the club is the "promotion of literary, artistic, and antiquarian tastes among the citizens of Philadelphia." In vindication of this, I may say that the club has certainly the most artistic billiard-room that I have ever seen. Its foundation certainly was in the spirit of the charter, and I believe loan exhibitions were a feature when it was known as the Social Art Club, but there was a stronger demand than that for art at the time its name was changed, for the youth of Philadelphia desired a club with a little less of the town and more of the world about it, and they have it.

The lovers of art have been recently gratified again by the formation of a new Art Club, whose attractive building is on Broad Street. This club, which certainly sustains its name in the artistic appointments of its home, has a feature peculiar to itself among American clubs. It is for the family, and not for the men, and ladies have access to it and use it quite as they do in the usual country clubs. In this we see the influence of the German population of the country, whose clubs both in New York and Philadelphia have been reserved for a separate article, because they are founded on a principle distinctly different from that of the American and Englishman's club. More than this, the Art Club represents general Philadelphia—a broader and more obvious life than is to be found in the other clubs of the same rank and in the same part of the town.

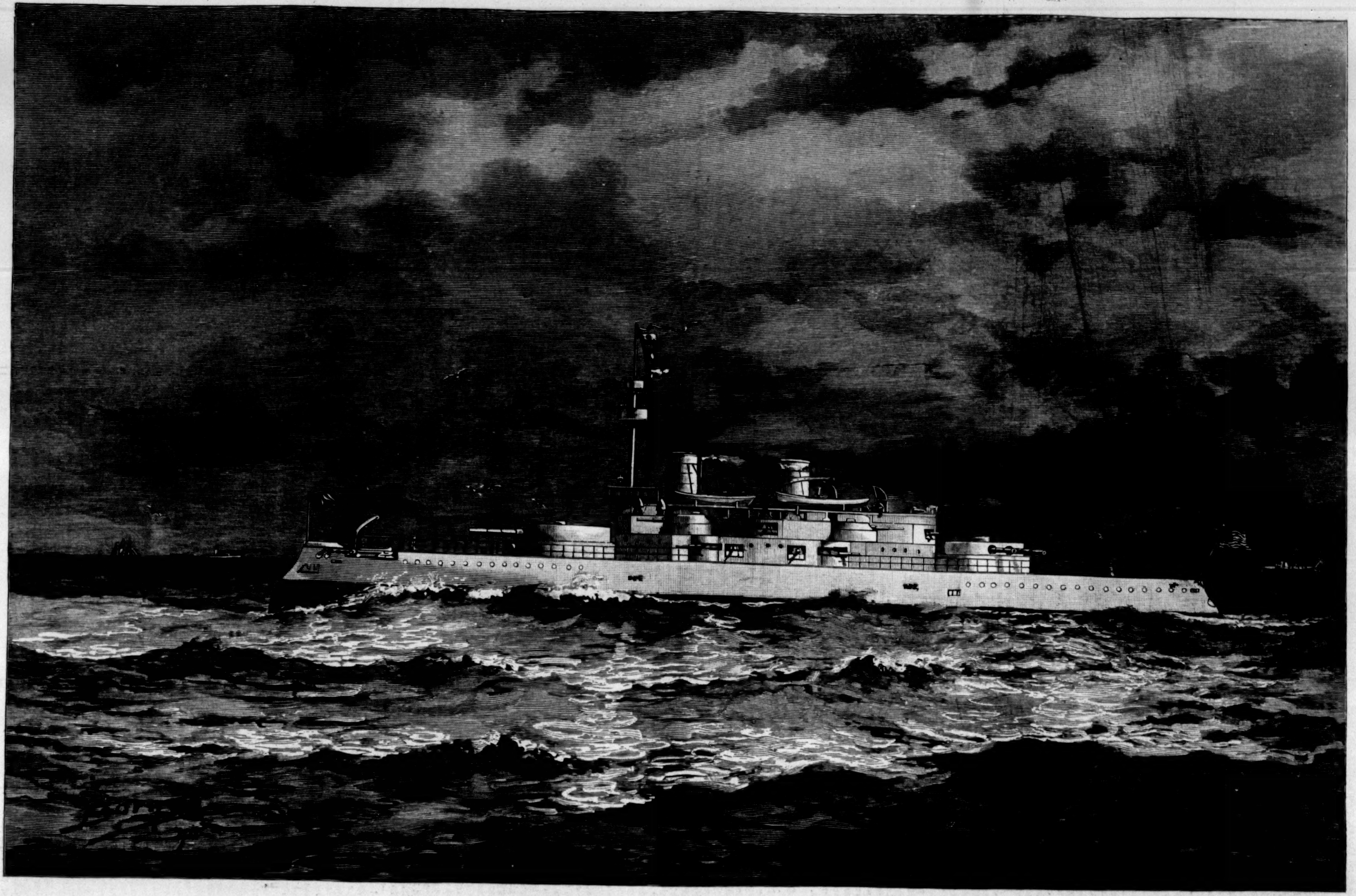
The life of the city has flowed on unconscious of and unrestrained by the prevailing social laws and customs, which are, in truth, somewhat hard and fast. New men are constantly coming to the front, new fortunes are accumulating; for the economic laws that obtain throughout the country are stronger than the social regulations of any city. There is a new abode of riches growing up in the northern part of the city, and far out of the vision of complacent inhabitants of Rittenhouse Square there have been constructed such dwellings as must sensibly shock the plain brick houses of Walnut and Locust streets, with their white stoops and lintels. Nowhere else in Philadelphia, except in the bank, trust company, insurance, and newspaper buildings, has there been such an exuberant blossoming of ornamentation. It is the seventeenth-century reaction of classicism against romanticism reversed. Northern Philadelphia is one of the most modern and American of towns, nearer akin in appearance to Chicago than to the staid settlement which we have been considering. But the people who abide in the new palaces are as truly and characteristically Philadelphian as the most conservative dwellers between the Delaware and the Schuylkill, and the large majority of them have won their fortunes by the quiet and persistent thrift and energy that marked the early settlers in the land of Penn. Manufacturers make an important part of this population. They have a club of their own, very large, very rich, and with a very ornate building, situated on Walnut Street. The club is the outgrowth of a combination of employers formed for the purpose of resisting an unjust strike in one factory. It is one of the most suggestive organizations in Philadelphia; for nowhere else in the United States could a club formed of men of kindred business pursuits become so prominent a feature as is the Manufacturers' Club in Philadelphia.

There are hosts of clubs in the northern part of the city, and among these are the German organizations. There are the Delaware Club, on Broad Street, notable for its beautiful garden; the Columbia, on the corner of Broad and Oxford streets; the Carrollton; the Mercantile; the Garrick; the Dirigo; the Pickwick; the Alexis; the Opera. It would be impossible and uninteresting to the general reader to explain the minute differences on which these organizations are based. They satisfy some of the many desires which govern the people of a great city.

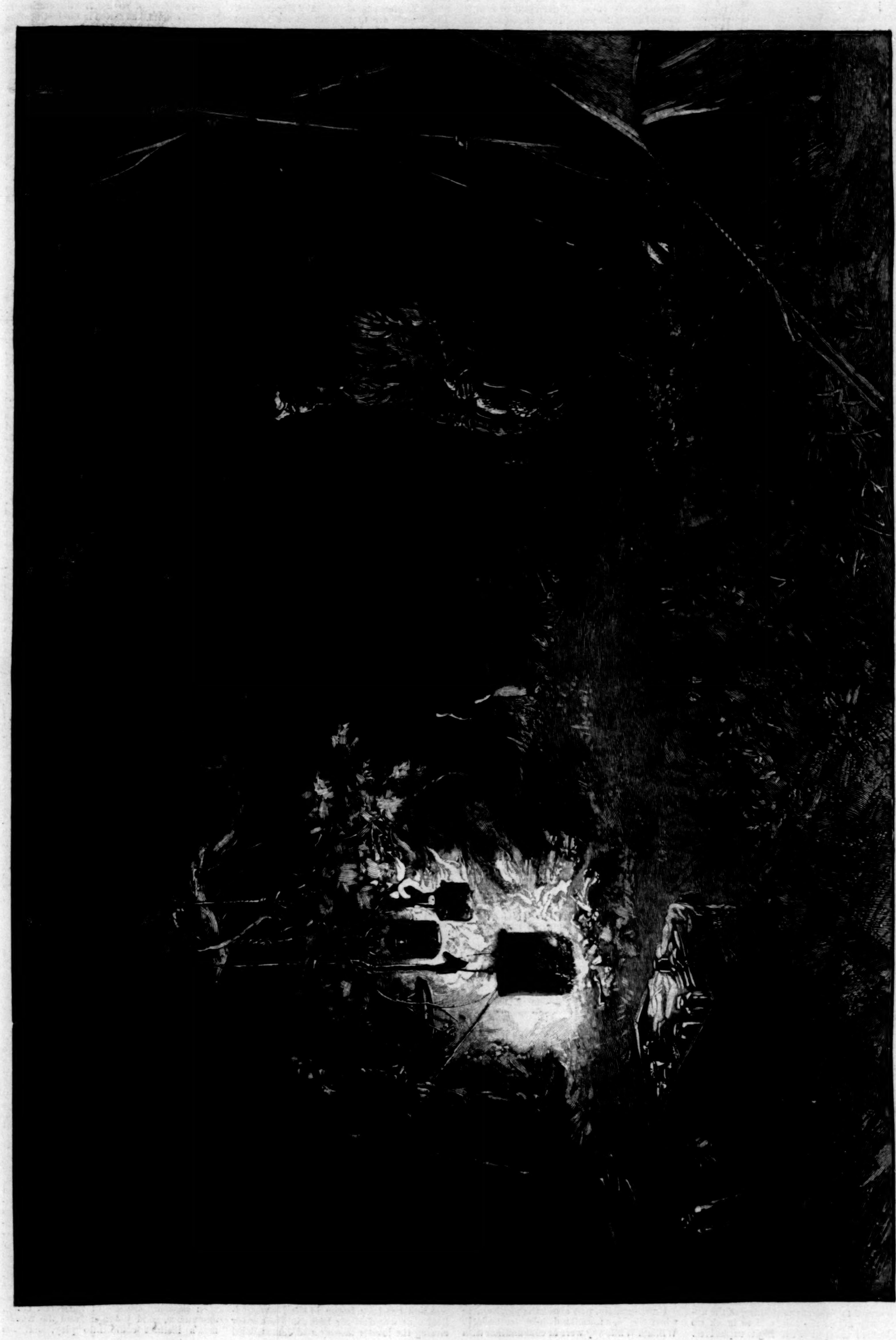
Philadelphia, like other cities, has, of course, its special clubs. The University Club is now essential to every important town, and, indeed, it constitutes usually the pleasantest of resorts for the younger professional men, who are not so long out of college as to have forgotten their former associations. As these clubs grow older they will unite the alumni to their colleges with such a tie as that which binds the men of Oxford and Cambridge to their own great universities. The University Club of Philadelphia owns a pleasant house on Walnut Street. There is a very large percentage of its members who are graduates of the University of Pennsylvania, for relatively fewer men from other colleges live in Philadelphia than in New York.

There was once an enterprising Journalists' Club in the city, and there is now a Sketch Club, whose Saturday evenings at home are said to be delightful.

A list of all the city's clubs, however, would make very dull reading; moreover, it would be out of place in an article intended to depict the social character of the city to tell of the kind of clubs that may be found there, of the needs and desires they satisfy, and to sketch the manners of the times in which they grew. One thing I trust has been impressed upon those who have had the patience to follow this article to the end, and that is that whatever is truly Philadelphian is admirable.



THE FIRST MODERN BATTLE SHIP OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, AUTHORIZED BY ACT OF CONGRESS APPROVED JUNE 30, 1890.—[SEE PAGE 582.]



CAMPING IN THE WOODS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 582.]

## THE FIRST BATTLE SHIPS OF THE NEW NAVY.

> "The country needs a navy that will exempt it from war, but the only navy that will accomplish this is a navy that can wage war ... Until the United States has a fleet of twenty battle ships, with coast defenders, cruisers, and torpedo-boats in suitable proportions for efficient defence, and an establishment in such working order, as to administrative machinery, officers, men, reserves, and vessels, that it can be brought without delay into effective action, the country cannot consider that it possesses a navy; and a navy it can never afford to be without."—*Secretary Tracy's Annual Report.*

Our illustration this week shows the design adopted by the Navy Department for a sea-going iron-clad, the first of our effective fighting ships, the type of a class capable of defending our coast, and the beginning, let us hope, of the creation of a fleet of battle ships such as the Secretary so forcibly asked for in his admirable report—a quotation from which constitutes an appropriate introduction to this descriptive article—and which will be the equals if not the superiors of any similar vessels afloat. A navy being a fighting force, and required for that purpose only, we must have ships that can both attack and defend, and the modern battle ship is the representative of this class. Three such men-of-war—sea-going coast-line battle ships—were provided for in the naval appropriation bill approved June 30, 1890, and our handsome picture gives an excellent idea of what the department intends these three ships to be.

It was the wish of Secretary Tracy to have these great ships under contract at the earliest possible date after the passage of the act making an appropriation for their construction, and also that intending bidders should have the necessary information as to the department's design long enough in advance of the time fixed for opening the bids to enable them to prepare plans of their own, should they so desire.

The determination of the essential requisites and general features of such a design was one which involved much thought and discussion as to what other nations had done and were now doing in this direction, and what was best to be done to make them the most formidable vessels yet designed on a displacement of 9000 tons and a 24-foot draught of water. This, it is believed, has been accomplished. Secretary Tracy, after consulting with the bureau officers having the details of this work in charge, and after a full and exhaustive discussion of all the questions to be considered in the design, directed the Chief-Constructor, Mr. Wilson, to prepare a circular embodying his views, and the Judge-Advocate-General to issue advertisements inviting bids. *The day after* the President had signed the act authorizing the construction of these vessels the ship-builders of the country were informed of what was wanted, and advertisements were published inviting bids for the building of them, said bids to be opened October 1, 1890. This is a business-like way of getting to work characteristic of Secretary Tracy, and which, even if a novelty in naval administration, the people are certain to appreciate. The department has succeeded in designing a ship which, on a displacement of something over 9000 tons, can successfully cope in battle with the 14,000-ton ship of England.

The wording of the act providing for the building of these vessels states that they are to carry the heaviest armor and the most powerful ordnance upon a displacement of about 8500 tons, with a coal endurance of about 5000 knots on the total coal capacity at the most economical speed, and with the highest practicable speed for vessels of their class.

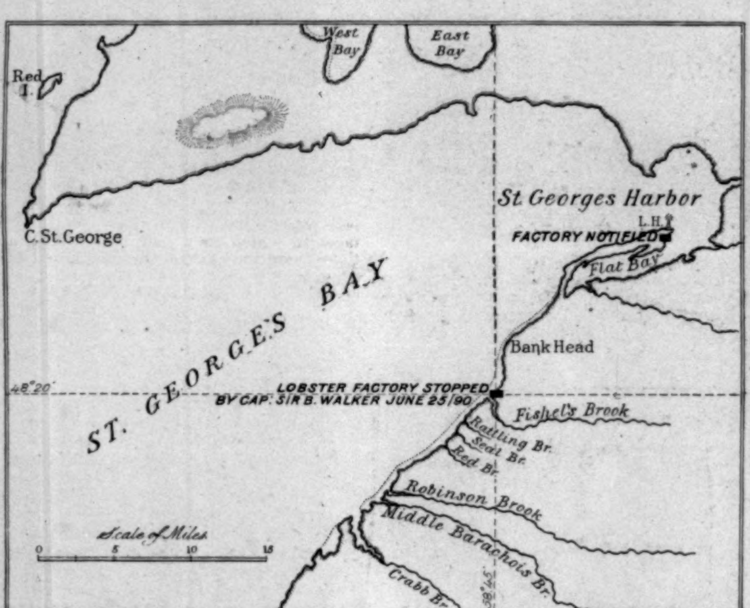
The following are the general features of the design: Length on load water-line, 332 feet; extreme breadth, 69 feet; normal displacement, 9000 tons; normal draught, 24 feet. maintained sea speed, 15 knots. Main battery, four 13-inch breech-loading rifles. Auxiliary battery, four eight-inch breech-loading rifles and four six-inch breech-loading rifles. Secondary battery, 20 six-pounder rapid-fire guns, six one-pounder rapid-fire, and two Gatlings.

The 13-inch guns are mounted in pairs on the centre line, under protection of steel turrets 17 inches in thickness, working inside a raised steel-armored barbette 17 inches in thickness. The battery of these vessels is equal if not superior to that carried by the new 14,000-ton battle ships of the English navy. While they carry 13½-inch guns, and ours are but 13, our guns are longer, have more muzzle velocity, can be loaded and fired in any position, and have arcs of fire of over 270 degrees. The eight-inch guns are mounted in steel barbettes six inches in thickness, further protected by sloping steel shields also six inches in thickness, entirely covering the guns. The ammunition is supplied through armored tubes, and every consideration has been given to realizing as rapid a service as possible. The four six-inch guns are fought under protection of four inches of armor, and have the usual shields. The fire from four 13-inch guns, three eight-inch, two six-inch, and eight six-pounders can be concentrated on either bow or quarter. The water-line is protected by a belt of steel of a maximum thickness of 18 inches, backed up by wood, behind which are two thicknesses of three-quarter-inch plates, powerfully stiffened by a system of vertical and horizontal girders. Above this belt is a casemate of 5½-inch armor to prevent the riddling of the upper works above the belt, and to break up projectiles charged with high explosives. Diagonal bulkheads are worked at the ends of the belt, and from the armor deck, worked over the belt, rise the redoubts, protecting the turning and loading gear of the turrets for the heavy guns. A deep belt of coal is carried above the protective deck, adding still further protection against gun fire. In the wake of the boilers are four skins and a 12-foot bunker of coal, making it practically impossible for a torpedo to make a hole that will let water into the fire-rooms. Behind the armor of the belt, and surrounded on all sides by coal, are two wide passages, one on each side, connecting the passing-rooms for ammunition at the ends. All the handling of ammunition will thus be well protected, and in these passages, lighted by electricity, the men can carry ammunition to the various tubes and trunks leading to the guns above.

The machinery—which is to be of such a character as to develop the necessary speed with half-inch air pressure, so that the vessel could engage in a running fight for hours without any more strain upon the engine force than exists in an Atlantic liner—will consist of two triple-expansion engines driving twin screws, having the collective power of 9000 horses. The engines will be capable of propelling the ship from 16 to 17 knots (17½ to 19½ miles) per hour over the measured mile, and 15 knots sustained speed at sea. The sizes of the cylinders will be 34, 49, and 75 inches, by 42 inches stroke, making 128.5 revolutions per minute, with a piston speed of 900 feet per minute. Steam of 160 pounds pressure will be furnished the main engines by four double-ended steel boilers, 15 feet diameter and 18 feet long; the thickness of these boilers will be $1\frac{6}{16}$ inches, and they are united together by steel nuts 1½ inches diameter. For the auxiliary machinery there are two donkey-boilers 10 feet diameter. The auxiliaries will consist of fans for ventilating and forcing the fires, steering engines, pumps, electric-light engine, steam capstans, distilling apparatus, etc. The condensers are cylindrical built of sheet brass. All the working parts of the engines, shafting, etc., are made of steel, insuring strength and lightness. All the latest improvements in steam engineering have been introduced in these ships, and it is expected they are equal or superior to anything of their class in the world. The machinery was designed by the Bureau of Steam Engineering at the Navy Department. The vessels are to be built on the bracket system, with a double bottom extending from armor shelf to armor shelf, and with many subdivisions and water-tight compartments. Every approved device adding to the health of the crew, the safety of the ship, and its efficiency in battle will be provided.

Each of these battle ships will carry 30 officers and 450 men, including a marine guard of 36. The captain has two large state-rooms, with all modern lavatory attachments, and a large cabin extending across the vessel from side to side, well lighted and ventilated. In addition he has an after-cabin, which in action will be used for manipulating rapid-fire guns and torpedoes. The two state-rooms make the vessel what is called a "fighting flag-ship," as an admiral, if obliged to transfer his flag in battle, would find ready every necessary comfort and convenience. The wardroom state-rooms open into two aisles or passages. Well forward, out of the sound of the rattle of the dishes and smell of food, is a large dining-room. Shower-baths and tubs will be fitted for the officers. Especial attention has been paid to ventilation and drainage. Any compartment can be quickly cleared of water by powerful hand and steam pumps, while fans of great capacity will pump air into and exhaust air from all the living and storage spaces, so that all parts will be supplied with sweet, fresh air, instead of forcing the officers and men to breathe the stuffy atmosphere usually found between decks.

The United States will have in these vessels representatives of the highest development of naval architecture of the present day, and realizing from experience that the day of the high explosive from powder guns is approaching, means have been taken to guard against their fire; so that when completed these vessels will take their place in battle as at least the equals of any battle ships to-day building by a foreign nation.



THE AREA OF DISPUTED FISHERY RIGHTS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

## A WAR SHIP CLOSING A LOBSTER FACTORY.

Since the adoption last year of the *modus vivendi* between Great Britain and France, much irritation has been caused by the consequent restrictions imposed on British subjects on the so-called French coast of Newfoundland. It may be proper to state that, pending negotiations which would clearly define the rights of France on the Newfoundland coast, the *modus vivendi* conceded to it temporarily rights and privileges never stipulated in the original treaty. The British government doubtless acted in the interests of peace, and probably did not anticipate serious trouble before an arrangement had been effected which would prove satisfactory both to the Newfoundlanders and the French. In this forecast it was mistaken, as also probably in the original agreement, which interfered, even temporarily, with the jurisdiction of a self-governed colony over a portion of its public domain. The Legislature of Newfoundland condemned the *modus vivendi* in the strongest terms, and the Premier of the colony, Sir William Whiteway, and delegates appointed by its government, recently interviewed the home government respecting the redress of grievances resulting from French aggression on the Newfoundland coast. Premier Whiteway, as also the delegates, were well satisfied with their reception by the colonial authorities, and expressed themselves as sanguine that before long the disabilities under which the Newfoundland fishermen exist will be removed.

Unfortunately, just about the precise time when the Newfoundland delegates and Sir William Whiteway were in consultation with the Colonial Office in London, Sir Baldwin Walker, Bart., Captain of H. M. S. *Emerald*, and senior officer on the Newfoundland station, landed a party of marines from his vessel, and forcibly closed a lobster factory at Fishel's Brook in St. George's Bay. The factory is owned by Mr. James Baird, of St. John's, a British subject, and it was not until frequent requests to close it had been disregarded that the British commander proceeded to extremities and employed coercion. When this fact became known, the public, sufficiently irritated before, became so exasperated that they threatened to redress their wrongs by force should milder methods fail to secure them relief. That a British man-of-war, whose mission was, as they thought, to conserve their interests, should aid their enemies in destroying them, was something so inconceivable and incredible that, when they were finally assured that such was the case, they were louder in their denunciations of the British than they had been previously of the French. True, Sir Baldwin Walker is mainly the objective point of attack, and it is generally claimed that he acted illegally in closing the factory as he did, and without proclaiming the district as being under martial law. The British commander, however, has proceeded still further, and has ordered Mr. Baird's factory at Sand Point, which began work in 1888, and to which it would appear the *modus vivendi* does not apply, to be also closed. The proprietor has ordered the manager of the factory to continue operations until it is closed by force, which, if done, will bring matters to a crisis.

A suit has been begun in the Newfoundland courts against Sir Baldwin Walker for closing the lobster factory, and James Baird has left for England, ostensibly for the purpose of taking action against the imperial government for what he claims to be an infringement of his rights. Sir Baldwin, the present object of so much vituperation in Newfoundland, has stated in his justification that he was requested by the French commander on that coast to close the factory, and this agreeing with his instructions, he could not act otherwise than as he did. He ignored all past treaties, he said, and was guided solely by the terms of the *modus vivendi*, which provides for the *status quo.*

The so-called French shore is under the jurisdiction of the government of the colony, the district to which it belongs is represented by two members in the Legislature, it has magistrates and customs officers, and the colonial laws are enforced there. All this seems to imply the possession, on the part of the colonists, of legal rights which apparently were disregarded in the provisions of the *modus vivendi*, and which were violated in its subsequent enforcement.

N. Macdonald.

## A TROOP-SHIP CONVOYING TORPEDO-BOATS.

In the accompanying illustration our artist sketches the British troop-ship *Tyne* and two torpedo-boats on their recent voyage across the Atlantic from England to St. John's, Newfoundland. The presence of a war ship at St. John's is not so rare an occurrence as to attract much attention. The torpedo-boats, however, being the first of the kind to enter its harbor, were regarded with general interest. They are each 125 feet in length, have a speed of nineteen knots an hour, have each four Hotchkiss and Nordensfelt firing guns, and also carry electric search-lights. During their trip across the Atlantic one was manned by three officers and twelve men, and the other by three officers and thirteen men. The torpedo-boats are intended for harbor defence at Halifax. The *Tyne*, commanded by Captain Goodrich, is not an iron-clad, carries but two guns, and has a tonnage of 3560. She is always employed in "particular service," and as a troop and store ship. She had on board a consignment of troops for the various regiments in the garrison at Halifax, a few midshipmen for the war ships *Bellerophon* and *Comus*, and ninety-one details.

On the passage from Plymouth to St. John's the *Tyne* encountered weather of unusual severity. Fogs were also of frequent occurrence, and largely increased the danger from ice-floes and icebergs, which were numerous. On the fourth day out they were struck by a westerly gale which made the sea very heavy for the torpedo-boats. Oil was then distributed on the waters with the best possible result, and the small boats afterward rode with comparative ease. On the following day the wind and the sea, after a temporary lull, suddenly increased in violence, and the torpedo-boats were tossed about so wildly that the hawser attached to one parted, and she cut adrift. On the succeeding day the boat was recaptured. Subsequently a succession of storms was encountered, and the torpedo-boats were often almost entirely submerged; the heavy seas twisted and in many places carried away the iron railings about the deck, and one of the boats had her forward compartments filled with water. When about two weeks out from England the *Tyne* was in imminent hazard from icebergs, and but for the timely uplifting of the dense fog on one particular occasion a collision would have been seemingly unavoidable. The torpedo-boats, after this narrow escape, were sent in advance to reconnoitre. Floes of ice also grounded against the sides of the ship on several occasions, but no injury to her resulted.

N. Macdonald.

## A CAMP IN THE WOODS.

Far deeper and stronger than the acquired sentiments and habits of civilization are those primitive instincts in man manifested in the longing for the freedom of a forest life. Innate aptitudes and impulses unnoted under ordinary conditions soon develop in the wild inspiration that breathes from the mountains, woodlands, and waters; and the matching of his skill against the shyness of the untamed creatures of the wilderness calls into action in many a person an intuitive forest craft that has lain latent and unsuspected beneath the conventional mask and veneer of city life. The joy in unbounded freedom in the open domain of nature exists in man no less than in his domesticated animals, which so quickly resume their wild natures when abandoned to their own resources. With the solitude of the forest come new emotions and thoughts, the associations of the town are forgotten, and the trammels of the old life fall to the ground. To live continuously in a large city amid artificial scenes eventually produces a harmful effect upon a person's mental and nervous system, and the recovery from such conditions is to be obtained only through the recreation and grateful relief to the over-anxiety and haste of town life that comes in the soothing charm of natural objects. For the purpose of such a restoration nothing is better than to camp in the forest, with the healthful excitement of hunting and fishing.

In choosing the site of the forest camp, experience, good judgment, and the woodsman's instinct come into play, and the "practised hand" considers many points that would be overlooked by the novice. A dry area of ground with an even surface, preferably with a slight slope, is the first requisite. Where fishing is the principal object, the spot selected is necessarily near the waters of a lake or stream, handy if possible to a cool spring. In cold weather the comfort of camp life is much increased by placing the tent in a spot screened by a ridge or by an evergreen thicket; and in summer the shade of large trees and exposure to the prevailing breezes are desirable. Any dead tree that might fall upon the camp must be cut down, or the tent pitched far enough from it to preclude danger to the inmates in the event of its toppling over. The site for the tent having been fixed upon, in clearing away the forest growth every bush and small tree must be carefully cut down to the roots, lest short stubs remain sticking up to disturb the repose of the campers. The tent is pitched to face the lower slope, and a little trench dug around the sides and rear carries away the surface water in case of rain. The part of the interior space that serves for a bed is thickly spread with soft, flexible hemlock branches, laid overlappingly, with the broken end of each branch concealed and covered by the tips of those behind it, and thus is formed the fluffiest, most fragrant, and soporific of couches.

The true sportsman in camp rises early, for the morning is the best hour for fishing or hunting. As a variation to fishing—the standard summer sport—there is always the chance of a shot at something: a loon offers himself as an attractive but impracticable target; a flock of wild-ducks suddenly comes into view, as the canoe, moving with noiseless ripple and the soft splash of paddles, rounds some wooded point; or, a rare and more exciting event, a bear or wild-cat is seen on the shore or swimming a stream, in which latter case there must be no careless work, for if a shot fail promptly to kill the beast, and the animal reach the light canoe, a disastrous reversal of conditions ensues, in which the hunters are put on the defensive in a position of great disadvantage. In a fascinating succession of exciting and unforeseen happenings the day passes, until the declining sun warns the sportsmen that it is time to return to the camp. Arrived there, the canoe is taken out of the water, and turned bottom side up to drain and dry, so that its leaks, if any exist, may be smeared with resin before it is launched the next morning.

In the picture of a camping scene in the Canadian forests, drawn by Mr. W. A. Rogers, the sportsmen, having returned from a fishing expedition, are preparing supper. Following the cleaning of fish, and the building of a fire, potatoes, oatmeal, and water for tea-making have been set to boil in camp kettles swung by natural hooks from the conveniently overhanging bough of a tree. While one of the comrades is making ready to fry the fish he has just laid in the hot pan amid sizzling slices of salt pork, the other occupies himself in plucking a duck, a trophy of the day's adventures. There is a delight and relish in this repast of fish and game captured and cooked by the persons who are to eat it unknown to town dwellers, who must buy their supplies in market. The hunger that comes with the active open-air life in the woods is keen, and there is no doubt that the supper, served in the kettles and pans in which it is cooked, will be eaten from tin plates with an appetite not easily sated. The experienced camper, knowing the disadvantages of *impedimenta*, takes with him to the woods food supplies carefully selected and sufficient in quantity, but simple in nature and variety. That this party has been duly provident is shown by the open box comfortably packed with various articles to help out such fare as they provide for themselves with the rod and gun.

Supper is succeeded by a restful symposium of pipes and the spinning of fishermen's yarns. Unless there is on hand some project of night hunting or fishing, the occupations of the remaining daylight are comprised in the cutting of firewood for the morning and the repairing of clothes and fishing tackle. With the fall of night, the forest, to one who is sympathetic to its voices, is far from being still or lonely. There come from the forest darkness the whip-poor-will's call and the doleful hooting of the owl. From the blackness that shrouds the water rises the shriek of the loon, while nearer at hand are heard the occasional splash of a muskrat and the crackling of limbs and bushes as some animal with noiseless footfall reconnoitres the camp. But no sounds or mysterious unseen visitors long disturb the rest of the fishermen, who, mindful that they are to turn out early in the morning, soon retire to their blankets, and on the soft hemlock boughs, in cool balmy air, enjoy the sweet sleep that follows occupations so pleasantly interesting to the mind and healthfully wearisome to the body.

Their slumbers, usually dreamless and unbroken, are sometimes interrupted by some demonstration from the forest's native inhabitants. A panther's wailing screech, the howling of wolves, or the peculiar screaming cry of a bear may come from afar to their ears. Attracted by the smell of the fish, Bruin may even venture within the precincts of the camp, to disappear unseen at the first movement of the inmates. A deer or caribou splashes through the stream, or drawn to the camp by his sense of curiosity, gazes at the fire with large luminous eyes; then suddenly and unreasonably affrighted, crashes through the undergrowth in precipitate flight. Sometimes an intrusive and malodorous visitor, not to be rashly meddled with, appears in the shape of a prowling skunk, who makes vigorous and noisy efforts to secure the birds hung from a tree limb; or a porcupine, the dread of campers, may indulge his odd fancy for prying into the interior of tents, to the consternation of the legitimate occupants, who try in the darkness to avoid an encounter with the inquisitive beast, which at their first movement dashes headlong from the tent, parting generously with his quills to whoever or whatever he rubs against.

But these possible interruptions occur so infrequently as to give only a spice of excitement to the night in camp. At last one of the sleepers, waking refreshed, pulls aside the flap of the tent, and sees through the mist that the stars are paling in the faint but growing light of the morning. There is no time to lose. He rouses his comrade, and, raking the embers of last night's fire together, they hastily prepare coffee, and swallow a few mouthfuls of food. There will be time for a more extensive breakfast at a later hour, when fish will not bite so well or game be so easy to find. Before the eastern horizon has begun to flush pink in token of the coming sun, the two men have launched the canoe, and are off for the fishing waters and another day of sport.

Clarence Pullen.

## "BRIGHT DAUGHTER OF THE LAUGHING DAY."

Bright daughter of the laughing day,
  Of mingled earth and air,
Did Trouble never chance your way,
  Nor any imp of care?
Why, sorrows are so thick, my Sweet,
They push each other on the street;
And every good that men pursue
Is haunted by a grief or two.
In churches even, while we pray;
  At shops, to which the lads repair;
Between the prologue and the play—
  We meet with Trouble everywhere.
Yet laugh, sweet Beauty, while you may;
  Be reckless while you dare;
And keep the Lord of Woes at bay
  With every charm you bear!
Those morning looks might well defy
The tyrant of the watery eye,
And cheat his couriers as they run,
Unused to earth with so much sun!
Yet should we force at length the way,
  And come with wrinkles and gray hair,
Your voice would make a dungeon gay,
  And set the monster dancing there.

Dora Read Goodale.

## A TORNADO'S POWER.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

The abnormal condition of the weather so far in 1890 was well illustrated when the temperature in New York city, on the 8th and 9th of July, went from 101° to 56° in twenty-four hours. At the same time a series of terrific tornadoes swept through northern New York and the Adirondack wilderness.

On July 13th, at about 5 P.M., a bright Sunday afternoon, thousands of people at St. Paul, Minnesota, were watching some singular-looking dense black clouds in the northeast. They correctly inferred that a tornado was forming. Passengers on a train coming into the city were greatly excited by the appearance of a funnel-shaped cloud moving toward the northeast, like some gigantic black balloon. The cloud is further described as resembling a huge black humming-top, which, although only a few miles away, seemed to be spinning with frightful velocity, as indicated by large flying fragments of trees or houses. For a great distance, and as far as the eye could see in every direction, the clouds seemed to be moving toward a common centre—the roaring tornado funnel. All floating masses of vapor near at hand were drawn into the narrowest part of the funnel near the ground, and at once disappeared in the swaying mass of blackness. There was heard an incessant rumbling from the funnel-shaped clouds, like the deep tones of distant thunder.

The clouds that gave rise to this funnel first attracted attention because of their intense blackness. Mr. William J. Freaney, of St. Paul, carefully studied the formation of one of the detached small funnels that accompanied the main tornado. He first noticed unusual activity in a bank of clouds rather near at hand and high in the air. The clouds were rapidly deepening in blackness as he watched them, and presently a circular motion began to be manifested by the adjacent masses of flying vapor. A funnel then gradually formed, and soon absorbed all the patches of light floating clouds near it. As it moved along parallel to the direction taken by the observer it gradually withdrew high up into the clouds and vanished. It was an instance where conditions of tornado development existed for a short time, but not with sufficient force to enable the funnel to reach the earth. Meantime the main tornado was actively destroying the cottages occupied by summer visitors on the shores of Lake Gervais and Kohlmann's Lake, two small bodies of water less than a mile in diameter, situated about five miles north of St. Paul.

In the cottage occupied by Mr. J. H. Schurmeier, shown in the illustration, it will be seen that the entire upper part of the house has been torn away by the terrific force of the tornado, leaving only a few floor beams attached to the cellar wall. This complete relative annihilation is rare, although in the Jamestown, Ohio, tornado of April 27, 1884, a log house having no cellar wall disappeared, leaving little more than an excavation in the ground. The heavy logs had been carried off bodily, only a few fragments remaining to tell that the log house had once existed. In the present instance the trees back of the house have been partly spared, but the surface of the earth has been swept almost clean in the foreground. A number of trees have been torn off some distance above the ground, as shown in the other illustration, revealing the usual singular tendency on the part of tornado funnels to spare special trees and objects. The amount of broken timber left near the Schurmeier cottage is exceptionally small, hardly much more than was left near the site of the log house at Jamestown. Usually large masses of *débris*, torn from or once forming part of neighboring houses, are thrown into the cellar or upon the position once occupied by the house.

The cottage of Mr. Good shows the same destructive power at work, and in some respects indicates that the force of the tornado was exerted even nearer the surface of the ground than in the case of the Schurmeier cottage. It is probable that when the amount of wreckage going round and round in a tornado funnel is for the time very great, the destroying force is clogged in special places in the whirling circle. Lieutenant Finley, Signal Corps, United States Army, whose elaborate works on tornado prediction form an invaluable contribution to science, cites instances in which heavy cut-stone buildings have been torn down and the fragments entirely redistributed in irregular accumulations on nearly the same ground.

People who were across the lake from the place where these cottages were torn to pieces saw the tornado dip down and the cottages go up into the air with the trees, all disappearing in the appalling blackness of the funnel. In two of the cottages destroyed five people were killed and thirteen injured.

The loss of life occurred on the south side of the lake. As tornado funnels almost invariably move from southwest to northeast, and as these dwellings doubtless faced northward, the occupants probably failed to see the approach of the tornado. The people across on the north shore of the lake, whose view of the tornado as it came from the southward was not obstructed by trees, saw it in time to seek refuge in their cellars, with the result that no lives were lost, although houses and trees near by were destroyed.

The bodies of people not blown into the lake were found some distance from the cottages in which they had been living, and there were indications that death had been caused by flying missiles propelled with great force by the wind. The bodies of three of those living in the Schurmeier cottage were probably blown into the lake, from which they will doubtless soon be recovered.

Sergeant Dunn, of the Signal Office in New York, points out the fact that just before this tornado a barometric depression, so mild as not to be worthy of the name of a storm centre, covered an immense space of perhaps nearly a thousand miles long, and extended far above the Canada line. The warm air, at a temperature of 90° on that afternoon at St. Paul, was moving northward at the rate of only eight miles an hour. But during several days an immense mass of heated air had been accumulating over a circular area of about six hundred miles in diameter, including Nebraska, Iowa, southern Minnesota, Kansas, and Missouri. At some points in this region the heat was intense. The thermometer marked 104° at Omaha, and 102° at both Kansas City and Des Moines. The above-mentioned mild barometric depression in Canada, hardly marked enough to cause rain, acted as a centre toward which the air of the heated area moved. The cold air of 56° westward and northward along the Rocky Mountains also joined in this vast movement toward a common centre. Then, as the two great volumes of warm and cold air came within range of each other, there was an accelerating movement, in which the upper air currents were forced in upon the surface currents, demonstrating the law, emphasized at so early a date by Lieutenant Finley, that tornadoes are caused by sharp contrasts of temperature over a limited area.

## CHARLES FRANCIS BRUSH.

**Charles Francis Brush**, M.E., Ph.D., the eminent inventor and electrical engineer, was born in Euclid Township, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, March 17, 1849. He is of purely English descent, his parents' early ancestors—both notable families—having come to this country from England in 1656 and 1630 respectively. Mr. Brush's early years were spent on his father's farm and in attendance at a neighboring district school at Wickliffe, Ohio. While quite young the natural bent of the mind of the future inventor began to manifest itself, and he devised experiments at home and at school that indicated his special taste and aptitude for chemistry, physics, and engineering. In chemistry and natural philosophy, as indeed in his other studies at school, young Brush was very proficient. At the age of thirteen he entered the Shaw Academy, at Collamer, Ohio. While there his first experiments with static electrical machines, electro-magnets, and batteries, all of his own construction, were made. Early in 1864 he entered the Cleveland High-School, from which he graduated with high honors in June, 1867. While at the High-School in 1864 he became much interested in the subject of microscopes and telescopes, making a number of them for himself and his companions. He constructed every part of these instruments, even to grinding the lenses. In the same year he devised a plan for turning gas on the street lamps, lighting it, and then turning it off again—all by electricity. He soon after constructed a number of induction coils, and greatly amused himself and his school-mates by experiments with them. He also became greatly interested in photography, and did some very creditable dry-plate work, a process then almost unknown. During his high-school course he passed a rigid examination in physics without having studied the subject in any school. The study of chemistry was, however, his chief delight, and he made great progress in this branch of science. During his Senior year, the physical and chemical apparatus belonging to the school was placed in his charge. At this early time Mr. Brush constructed an electric motor having its field magnets as well as its armature excited by the battery current. He also produced his first electric arc light, with a lamp and battery of his own construction.

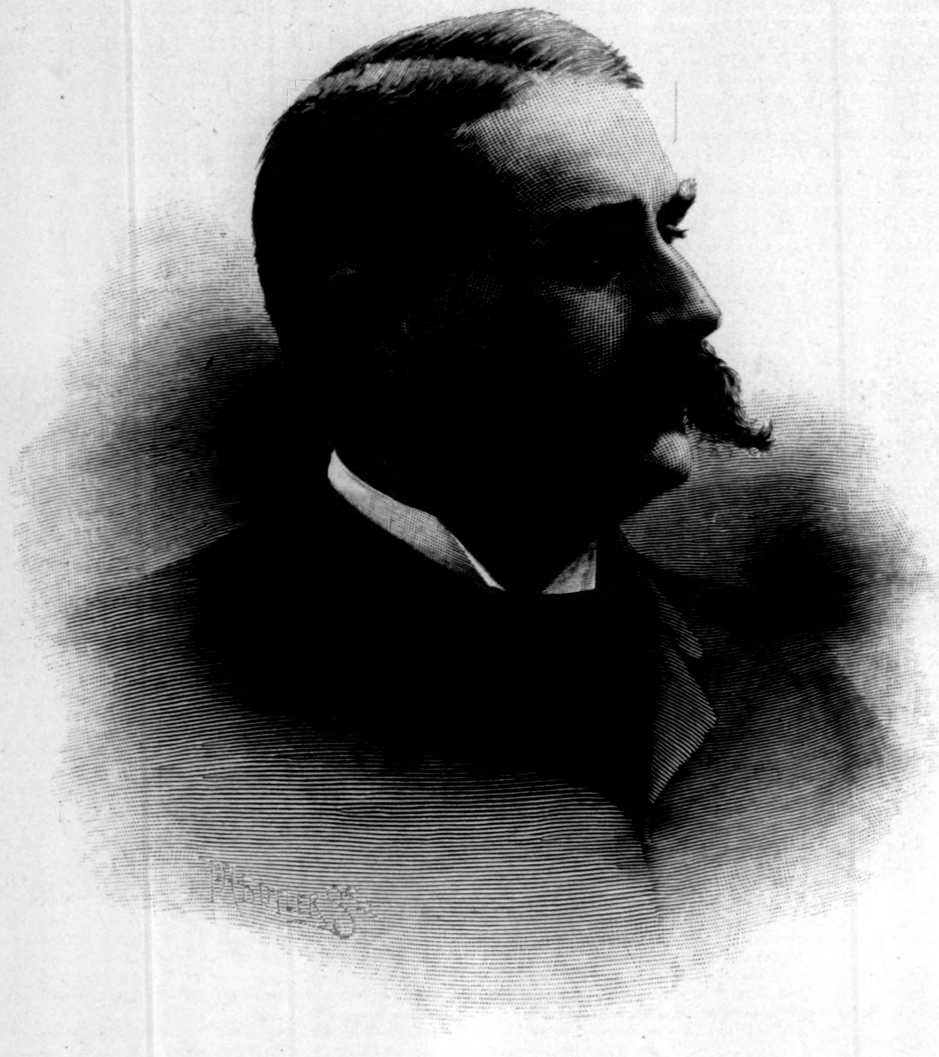
The subject of his graduating oration was "The Conservation of Force," inspired by the then recent work of Wilde with his dynamo-electric machine and single electric light in England. Mr. Brush traced the chemical energy of the sun's light through the vegetation of the carboniferous period to the coal subsequently formed therefrom, thence to the heat of combustion in the furnace of the steam-engine, thence to the mechanical power developed, the electric current produced, and the evolution of the electric light having all the characteristics of the original sunlight.

Having graduated from the Cleveland High-School, Mr. Brush, in September, 1867, entered the University of Michigan, where he took up a course of study particularly suited to his tastes, and by diligent attention thereto graduated with the degree of Mining Engineer in 1869, being one year in advance of his class. Returning to Cleveland, he organized a laboratory, and conducted the business of an analytical and consulting chemist for about three years, becoming noted for the accuracy of his work and the skill displayed in his manipulations. During this period he was employed as "expert" in several important litigations involving questions of chemistry.

In the spring of 1873 Mr. Brush formed a partnership with Mr. C. E. Bingham, of Cleveland, for the purpose of handling and marketing Lake Superior and other pig-irons and iron ores. While engaged in this business, Mr. Brush resumed his electrical investigations, and early in 1876 completed his first dynamo-electric machine. This machine was of a distinctly new type, and embodied the first of Mr. Brush's long series of brilliant inventions which have made him wealthy and famous the world over.

Early in 1877 Mr. Brush closed his partnership with Mr. Bingham, and from that date devoted his entire attention to the increase and development of his electrical invention. At that time he also made a contract with "The Telegraph Supply Company," of Cleveland, by the terms of which that company undertook the manufacture and sale of electric light and other apparatus patented to him, paying him a royalty thereon. In 1881 the name of this company was changed to "The Brush Electric Company" and its capital stock greatly increased. Early in 1877 Mr. Brush invented and constructed his first commercial arc lamp, and exhibited it in connection with one of his new type of dynamos at the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia, where both pieces of apparatus carried off all the honors, in competition with the other best-known lamps and dynamos of that period. Soon after this, Mr. Brush invented his famous series arc lamp, having a regulating shunt circuit of high resistance. It was this invention which first made commercial arc lighting from central stations possible; and on it are based all the arc-light systems in use in the world at the present time. The patents intended to protect this fundamental, brilliant, and enormously valuable invention, have not been sustained, not because Mr. Brush was not its first inventor—his most active competitors concede that he was—but because his claims were not drawn with sufficient care to meet the rigorous technical requirements which first obtained in the courts soon after their issue.

Among Mr. Brush's other inventions of early date may be mentioned his copper-plated carbons for arc lights, many millions of which are now used monthly; his automatic cut-out for arc lamps, now universally used in various forms, and almost indispensable; his compound series-shunt winding for dynamo-electric machines, now very generally used for lighting by incandescence; and his multiple carbon arc lamp for all-night burning. The patent covering this important invention has recently been broadly sustained by the United States courts. Mr. Brush at an early date completed his fundamental storage-battery invention, consisting in the mechanical application of the active



CHARLES F. BRUSH, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, THE CELEBRATED INVENTOR AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

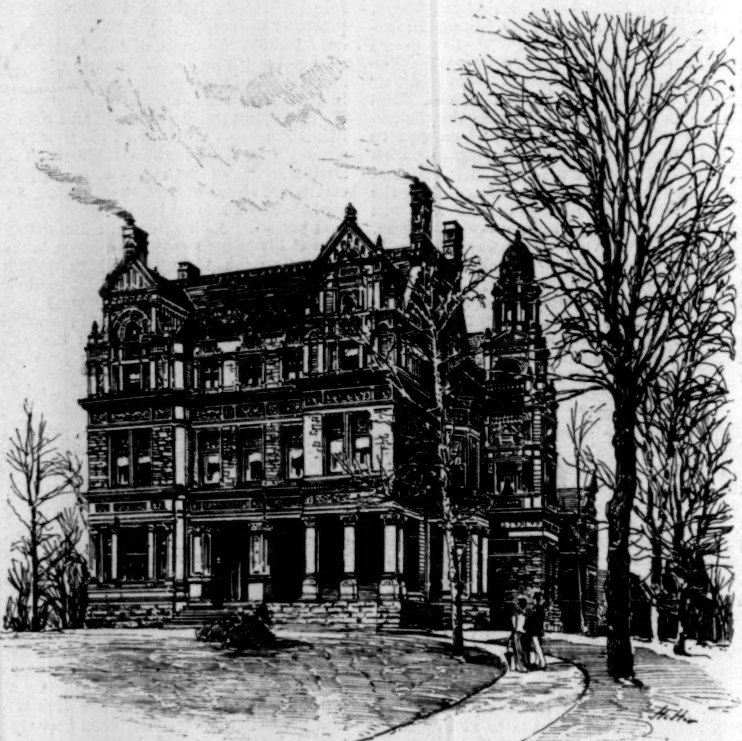
material to the electrodes; and subsequently, after four years of constant litigation in the Patent-Office, obtained patents therefor. The issue of these patents was followed by nearly four years more of fierce litigation in the United States courts, which has recently resulted in the complete vindication of his claims, securing to Mr. Brush the honor of this great invention, as well as giving him control of all forms of the modern storage battery. Mr. Brush may justly be considered the father of the arc electric lighting industry of the world, an industry in which it is estimated there is invested not less than two hundred millions of dollars at the present time in this country alone. His early commercial success in this direction no doubt stimulated others to develop and perfect the incandescent electric light, out of which has grown another enormous industry.

Mr. Brush patented many of his earlier inventions abroad, and in 1880 sold these patents to a London company formed for the purpose of exploiting them, and known as "The Anglo-American Brush Electric-Light Corporation, Limited." He received in payment both cash and stock of the corporation, the subsequent sale of which, together with the cash payment, realized about a half-million of dollars—a price for patents then almost unprecedented. From that time Mr. Brush's wealth has rapidly increased, until now he is many times a millionaire. Mr. Brush early adopted the policy of "keeping out of print." His contributions to the scientific journals have been meagre, and he has avoided technical interviews, preferring to give the world the actual embodiment of a complete and practical invention rather than devote his time to speculations and discussions of his investigations. His researches in chemistry, physics, and electricity have been profound, and his mind, like that of the late Dr. Arnold Guyot, is a storehouse of original knowledge. His conversation, therefore, affords rare pleasure to scientific men who come in contact with him.

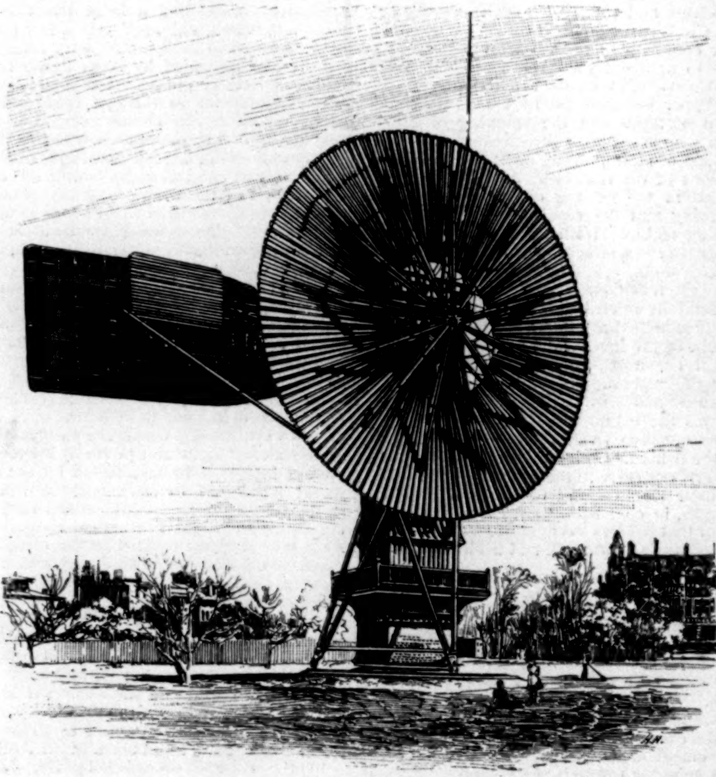
Mr. Brush possesses an accurate and available scientific knowledge unsurpassed by that of any inventor. He is intensely practical, never sanguine, with no disposition to overestimate the value of his work; is an excellent business man in the management of his own affairs; and is an officer or director of many large corporations. In Mr. Brush we see one of the finest possible mental and physical specimens of the race—of magnificent physique, six feet two inches high, broad-shouldered, with a deep and well-developed chest, and a form as straight as an arrow. It was of him that Gambetta remarked, as he saw the commanding figure of the great American inventor at the Paris Exposition in 1881, "I do not know which to admire most, his extraordinary mental talents or his magnificent physique." Success has crowned his efforts; his researches have enriched and benefited the entire civilized world, and he has reaped both honors and pecuniary reward. He is Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a member of many engineering societies. At his graduation the University of Michigan conferred upon him the degree of M.E.; in 1880 the Western Reserve University invested him with the degree of Ph.D.; and in 1881, in connection with the Electrical Exposition held in Paris, the French government, in honor of his distinguished inventions and contributions to the world of science, decorated him Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. At the Michigan University he was a member of the famous Delta Kappa Epsilon college fraternity.

Mr. Brush was married October 6, 1875, to Miss Mary E. Morris, of Cleveland. He has two beautiful children, Edna and Hélène, aged respectively ten and six years.

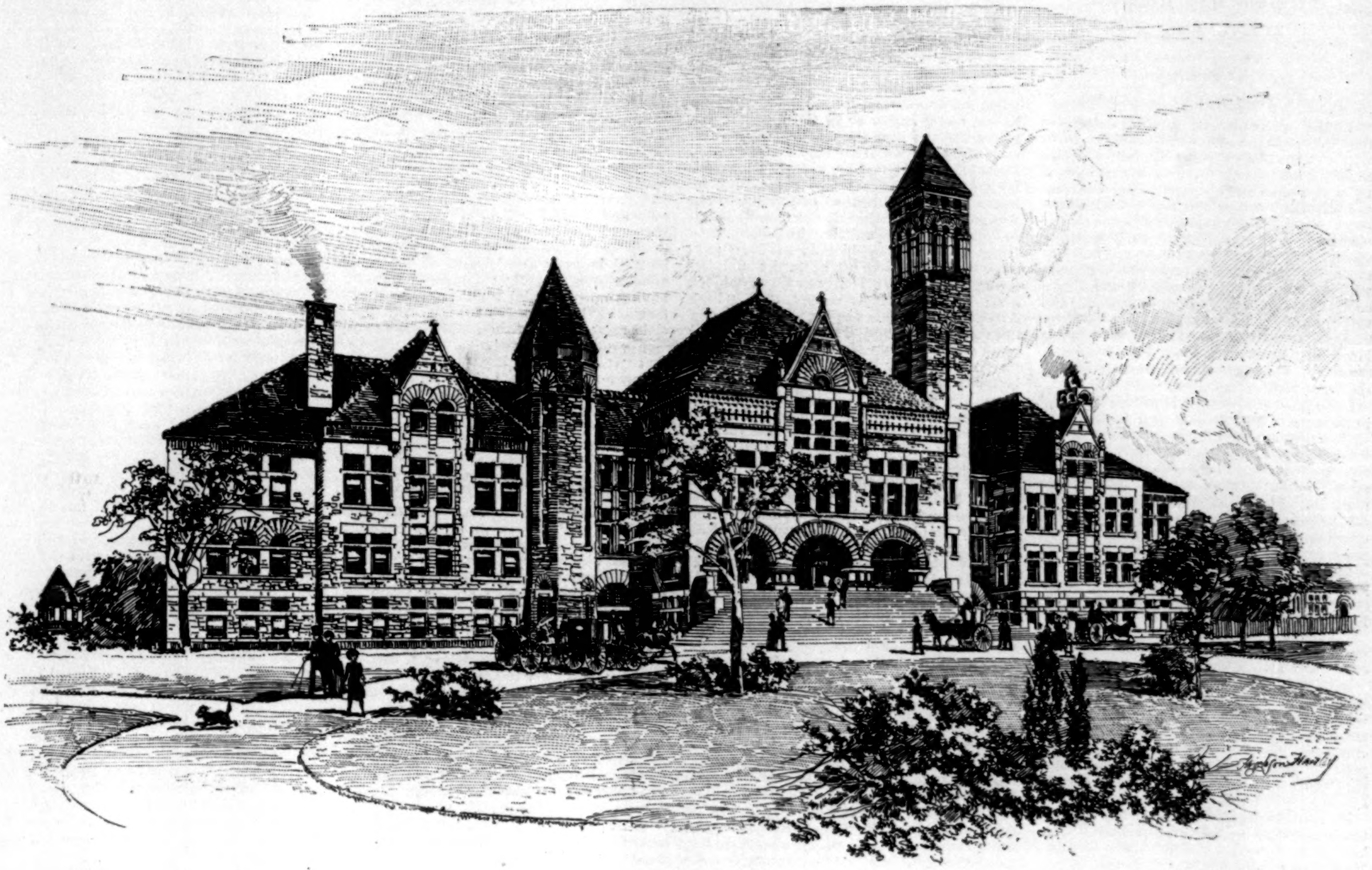
The home of Mr. and Mrs. Brush in Cleveland would form a fit subject for a separate article, located as it is in the best part of the famous Euclid Avenue, and surrounded by a private park of nearly seven acres. The residence, recently completed, occupied six years in building, and during that time was the subject of the constant thought and study of both Mr. and Mrs. Brush. Their individuality may be felt everywhere in the interior arrangements and decorations. The stained glass, mural decorations, hangings, furniture, metal work, and mosaics embody some of the best work of many of the most eminent artists and designers in this country; but the whole combination has been so carefully supervised and directed by the owners that the result is one harmonious whole from the basement to the ballroom, and has been styled by critics a "symphony in art." The building is very appropriately lighted by electricity, and is provided with nearly four hundred incandescent and several arc lights. Mr. Brush's method of operating these lights is, we think, unique. The power is furnished by an enormous windmill located in the park at the rear of the house, and about five hundred feet distant. This windmill is perhaps the largest in existence, the wheel having a sail surface of about eighteen hundred square feet. The tower carrying the wheel and its accessories is about sixty feet high, and is mounted on a massive wrought-iron gudgeon twenty feet long, and set deeply in heavy masonry, thus allowing the tower to turn on a vertical axis when the wind changes direction. The motion of the wheel is transmitted to a large dynamo in the tower by a system of belts and pulleys, the largest pulley being eight feet in diameter, and carrying a 32-inch double leather belt. There being no precedent for a windmill of this character, Mr. Brush had to design every detail and superintend its construction. The whole apparatus, including the electrical detail, is entirely automatic, and requires no attention except to keep bearings oiled. It has been in practical and perfectly successful operation nearly two years, and furnishes far more than sufficient electric current to charge the four hundred and eight cells of storage battery located in the basement of the house, and connected with the dynamo by underground cables. These storage batteries, from which the house is directly lighted, are so constructed as to give off no fumes, and are perfectly odorless. They require scarcely any attention, and show no signs of deterioration after nearly two years of constant use.



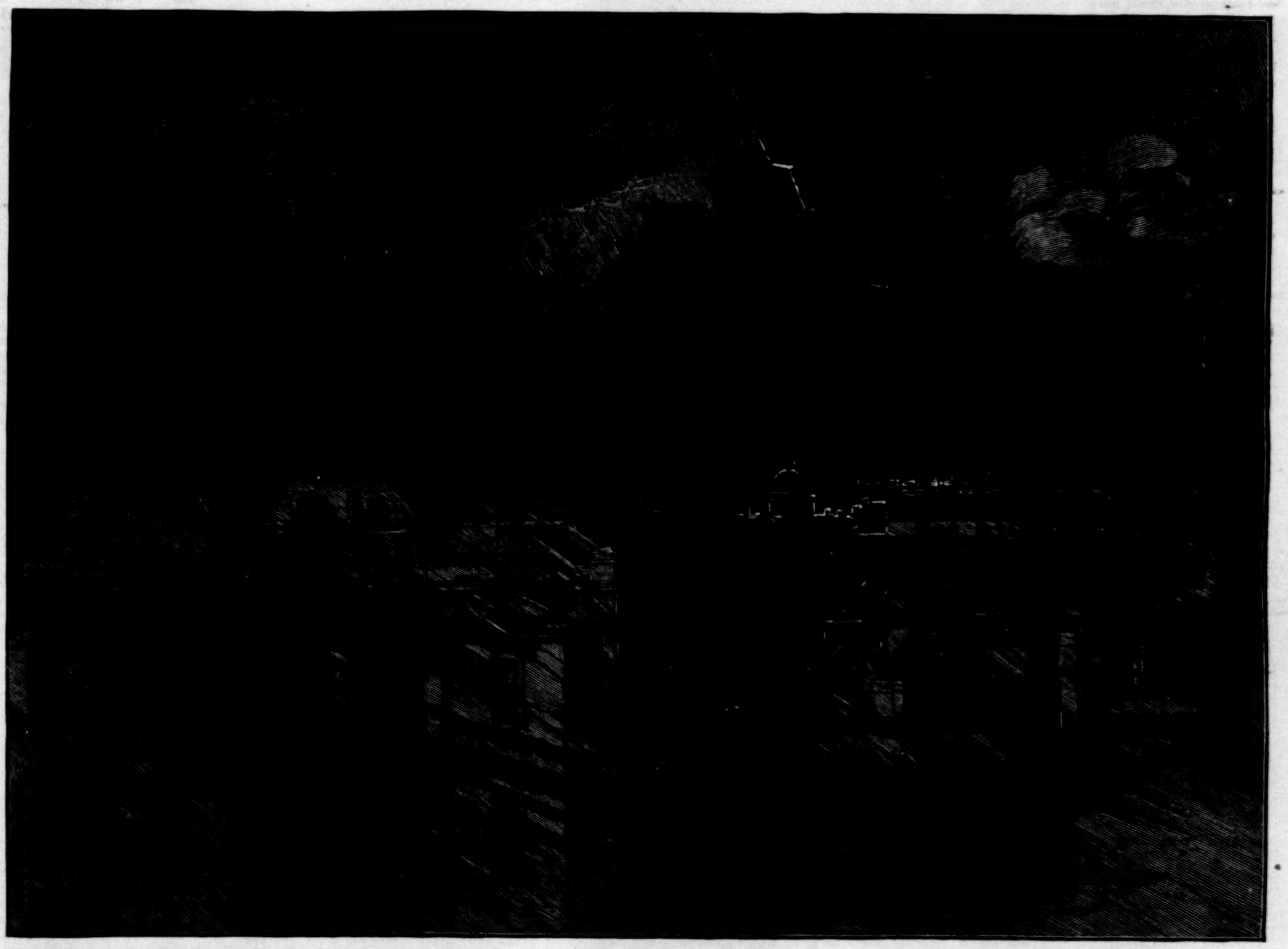
MR. BRUSH'S HOME AT CLEVELAND.



THE COLOSSAL WINDMILL IN THE REAR OF THE BRUSH MANSION.



THE NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDING AT TOPEKA.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 579.]



THE APPROACH OF THE TORNADO OF JULY 13.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY JOHN F. HOGLE FROM FOURTH-STORY BALCONY OF THE HOTEL CLINTON, MINNEAPOLIS.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

# SANT.

## A Romance of the Redwoods.

BY EDITH BROWER.

### CHAPTER I.

### THE NEW SINGING-BIRD AT KEMPER'S.

THERE was only one spot in the cañon that ever saw the sun before ten o'clock in winter, and that was where Sant's house stood. Just here the mountain wall opened to let Haikaiyo make its sputtering contribution of a little water and much froth to the more stately Onnimodec, and through the narrow transverse cañon the early morning sunlight also found a way. At the point of contact of these two streams the larger one widened considerably, or rather forked, for a short distance, and flowed around an elevated bit of ground about fifty feet long by some thirty wide, the landed estate of James Marcellus, nicknamed, from his birthplace, Santiago, which, in turn, because of the shortness of life, was abbreviated into Sant.

Upon this island Sant had built his "bunk," in defiance of all warnings as to the perils of such a position, saying that it was founded upon a rock, and the floods might come any time they liked. The floods did come, year after year, but Sant's house fell not. It was made out of odds and ends of lumber picked off the refuse pile of a saw-mill several miles down the cañon, and brought up laboriously, piece by piece, on Sant's shoulder or across a mule's back. The foundations were rejected logs captured as they floated down stream, or pulled from the banks where they had lodged.

The house thus constructed would have presented a very rude look but for being coated outside and in—walls, roof, and ceilings—with strips of redwood bark cut horizontally, and showing the long bay-colored nap, which gave it the appearance of a huge horse-hair trunk minus the brass nails. Sant christened his dwelling "the Palace," but its peculiar hue and furry surface drew forth the more appropriate name of "Bronco Bunk."

As bunks went in those parts, this one certainly deserved to be called palatial. One-half of the floored space was taken up from front to back by a spacious apartment called, for obvious reasons, "chin-chin," the other half being divided in two for a bedchamber and kitchen. In chin-chin might be seen a stone fireplace, which, as its owner boasted, could draw both ways. The uneven, unplaned floor was well concealed under the skins of a grizzly and a "lion," the latter having met an ignominious death at the hands of Sant himself, who caught the great cat napping, and brained it with a hatchet.

There were corner seats in this room of bark sections three feet thick, also sumptuous chairs ingeniously scooped out of the same wonderful sheathing of the redwood-trees, and rendered still more luxurious by patchwork coverings of rabbit and coyote skins. Over the shaggy walls trailed yards of silvery moss brought from the white oaks down in the valley, and large balls of mistletoe hung from the ceiling.

The sole piece of furniture which told of civilized life was also the one object without æsthetic value in this most poetic snuggery, namely, a table, whose uses were plainly enough indicated by several packs of cards, a box of dominoes, and a backgammon board which lay upon it, showing such diversions to be in good repute, although their scope was sternly limited by the following legend engraved with a jack-knife around the table's edge, "No gambling aloud in this bunk."

Here of an evening, when Sant's familiars gathered about a wood fire, smoking, and listening to the stories of "Whopper Tom," the dark-red-lined room would glow as if it took pleasure in its own exceeding comfortableness. Whopper Tom, for some inscrutable reason, never smoked, but always lay at full length on the cat's skin, playing with its four-foot tail, while unfolding his delightfully incredible experiences, and this habit led Mr. Kemper often to remark that "if thet thar lion's tail wa'n't so long, Tom's tales 'd prob'ly be sharter." Whether this was the case or not, that innocent article of adornment could hardly be made responsible for the occasional off tint which would creep into the palette that furnished coloring matter for Tom's pictures of life. When these sooty strokes began to come, Sant would jump up in his nervous way, saying, "Time to call the ladies in"; and forthwith the ladies were produced, in the shape of a battered guitar and a mouth-organ, the latter being handed to Mr. Kemper, who made ready his lips by soft preliminary *arpeggios*, while Sant, with bended head, tuned lovingly the nobler instrument.

It was worth a tiresome journey to see Sant and his guitar. Twisting his legs together like two ropes, lying back on his chair, and hugging the guitar close to his breast as if it were a baby, he would, in this almost impossible position, manipulate the strings, drawing out tones that never were in any earthly lute besides, all the while staring straight into the fire with those heart-breaking black eyes of his, as if he were reading his music off the dazzling sheet of flame, and wrinkling his brows into five deep cuts, which Brother Fernando, who taught him to play, used to call "the lines of the staff."

Sometimes Sant would sing. He was not diffident about singing anywhere save in his own house; but there, wishing, above all things, to be hospitable and give only pleasure, he refrained unless urged, for, without undue sensitiveness, he had often noticed that his hearers put their hands to the sides of their heads during a song, and that Whopper Tom, who had no manners to speak of, openly thrust his fingers into his ears. This was when the doors were shut. Out-of-doors, up in the rocky cañon or in the forest, it was rare delight to hear the wood-chopper sing; and many a giant tree bled its life away, shrieked out its great anguish, and toppled, with slow magnificent movement, from its base "over large lengths" of ground, to the accompaniment of the one voice vast enough in volume to chant a fitting death-song.

But then Sant could hold his own anywhere. If he chose to be prolix and improbable, Whopper Tom was no match for him; he was a better caterer than "Blue Arms," the tattooed ex-sailor, who presided at the cook-house; and Mr. Kemper, who had come out here from Maine shortly after the forty-niners, knew the lumber region hardly better than Sant. A certain glamour hung about him on account of his Southern birth, and although at the Brothers' school among the vines he had learned little else than to read music and to say prayers, yet it somehow came to be held that his education went beyond the common, and so, perhaps, it did, but it had not been gained from books. Good comrade though he was, he yet dwelt on a certain pinnacle aloof, where none could reach him and none dared taunt him. His fellow-workmen could not tell just what it was they dreaded in approaching him too familiarly, for he was absolutely good-natured, and good-natured in a rollicking way too. Mr. Kemper used to say of him that "Sant wore his skin wrong side out—all the feelers turned in," so impossible was it to offend him.

What a power of sunlight poured down on the frothing Haikaiyo that January morning! It made Bronco Bunk in its red bark dress blaze as if on fire, while Sant, standing on the door-step in scarlet shirt, was quite too blinding an object to be looked upon. The sun was hot even at this early hour, but odorous cool whiffs came down the main cañon, which was still shady, almost dusky, in contrast with that glowing spot where the waters met and rushed foaming around the little island.

Sant looked full into the flood of light, like a very sun-worshipper. He felt no need on this day to call upon his voice to keep his spirits up, yet, perhaps to awe them into some sort of submission, he broke forth and sang. It was as if a trombone had burst. The vociferous little rivers seemed struck dumb for the while, and several jack-rabbits suddenly rose in perpendicular amazement, then as suddenly scurried off into the brush.

About a mile above Haikaiyo Notch the cañon walls curved outward, leaving a circular space of rough land, uncultivated save for a half-acre or so reclaimed by the prudence of Mr. Kemper, and converted into pasture, where two cows of equable tempers and no particular breed passed a blissful existence, daily transmuting the feathery alfilerilla into rich milk. Here, by the road-side, unfenced and hospitable, stood a cozy one-story dwelling—the home of the Kempers. The Kempers presented a charming combination of Eastern and Western traits. They had lived long enough on the Pacific side to have gained a certain freedom of mind and speech that went not amiss with the rather stiff kindliness of manner brought with them from their Maine coast, and which they could not quite lay aside.

Mrs. Kemper, with never a child to show for her thirty odd years of married life, was essentially a mother. She had mothered that six-foot, two hundred and fifty pound weight of bone and brawn known as "Billy" from her first adoption of him as a husband. Mothering being interpreted by her as coddling of the most extravagant sort, so Billy went nigh to be spoiled.

Nevertheless he was not spoiled, since, while undoubtedly growing to expect the coddling, he never ceased to regard the coddler with loving reverence. Billy at sixty had a blowsy, sandy, boyish head, with an innocent poise and movement, like that of an affectionate animal. For such a man to go through life without a ministering angel would have seemed utterly unnatural. He was obviously made to be petted, and could assimilate any amount of devotion with no harm to his moral constitution. But Mrs. Kemper's charity, though beginning at her own fireside, extended in all directions to the limits of her sphere. She mothered every man, woman, or child who came in her way, and being the only "lady" anywhere near Onnimodec Camp, her attentions were highly appreciated by all the lorn bachelors of that region.

It must here be noted that with great sanity of intellect as regards most matters coming within her province, Mrs. Kemper had one vagary to which she herself alluded as "goin' in fer Christian science." This fad was the result of an undoubted relief to her rheumatic joints effected by a female practitioner of the modern mind-cure over at Toveco Bluffs. "I'd ha-ardly crep' around fer months," she used to say, in relating the wonderful occurrence. "I might 'a' sot till I stuck fahst ef it hedn't been fer that blessed healer. She says to me, 'Git up'; and I jest riz where I was, and— Walked? *I should say so.* You'd better think I danced; kicked up my heels most undignified."

Mrs. Kemper, like the genuine convert that she was, constantly sought to bring others to a saving knowledge of the truth. Her simple mind was much perplexed by the subtleties of the *me* and the *not-me*, but early and late did she enforce the more practical doctrines of the new cult as embodied chiefly in her favorite text: "There ain't no sech thing as pain unless you choose to believe there is." She had brought Billy round to her way of thinking without much difficulty; but then Billy was as healthy as a wild beast, and pain had no meaning for him beyond cuts and bruises, which healed in his firm flesh with feral celerity. He thought it quite likely that rheumatism and sore throats might be "all in your eye." Most of the rough good-fellows, too, who called her "mother," having no particular mind on the subject, listened to her theories as if they were plausible enough, and without the least fear of compromising themselves, freely admitted that "it sounded mighty likely." But Mrs. Kemper was sorely put about for arguments that would satisfy Sant's keen scepticism. He had never believed the Brothers' marvellous tales, even when a boy; why should he now believe Mother Kemper's? She, poor soul! used to lie awake at night racking her memory for undeniable facts, and striving to frame methods of presentation that should prove both convincing and converting. Often would she watch for Sant on his way up to work, or passing by homeward at evening, to hurl at him with good-natured zeal some nut warranted too hard for his dialectics to crack, but her missive always rebounded shattered to fragments.

On this particular morning Sant suddenly recollected that he had a delightful humiliation in store for Mrs. Kemper, who was greatly elated over the recent cure of Whopper Tom's toothache by her laying on of hands. Tom had confided to Sant the fact that his tooth was extracted by himself with the aid of a monkey-wrench previous to Mrs. Kemper's visit, but that he had permitted her ministrations, professing to receive great benefit therefrom, "'cause he kinder liked to have mother foolin' round."

It having been tacitly established that all was fair in these intellectual reprisals, Sant resolved to expose at once the shameless fraud practised by Tom, and approaching the road-side cottage, he looked to catch a sight of Mrs. Kemper, for he felt unable to live through the day unless he should first rid himself of this crushing bit of information. As he did not see her, he was preparing to enter, after the informal custom of these parts, when the sound of music within stopped him.

Mother Kemper and her organ were highly prized in the cañon. Sant himself had many a time listened charmed to her performances, notwithstanding that her voice had a trick of losing itself in the windings of her nasal passages, and that her instrument of ten stops suffered from an incurable hay-fever.

But no bellows-worked cabinet of reeds accompanied *this* voice; that quality of sound, at once resonant and mellow, could only be produced by strings; yet, after wood and wire and felt and celluloid have done their best, all this availeth them nothing so long as there lacks the touch of soul transmitted through trained and sensitive finger-tips. And the soul was not wanting here. But the voice! Sant had never dreamed of such a voice. It was high and pure and unworn, and seemed to flow forth as spontaneously as Sant's own; but it was not these characteristics that most impressed him as he stood on the door-step motionless, fascinated.

Whence that smooth richness of quality, that swelling fulness in the tones, that wonderful occasional *break*, adding melodiousness to the melody, that indescribable finish over all, felt rather than heard?

Without being able in the least to analyze his sensations, Sant knew that he was listening to something surpassing any former musical experience of his. The song itself had in it the early morning's breath, suggesting freshness and vigor, and withal tenderness, though without voluptuousness. A tripping accompaniment harmoniously asserted its right to be regarded as an intrinsic part of the theme, and went braiding itself up with the melody as strings of flowers are braided in the May-pole dance. "A wonderful sweet air with admirable rich words to it," that morning serenade of Schubert's, deserving the highest place among "everything that pretty bin" in vocal music.

Song followed song, and still Sant lingered. He did not know that his feet were under him; the door-post against which he leaned gave him no consciousness of support; the mountain walls that closed around were not there, they had lifted, vanished; he was in a realm apart, afar; he had even soared above any curiosity as to who the invisible musician might be—there was no musician, there was only music.

At length silence brought a stunning sense of change. Sant came to with a jerk, and started on a quick run up the road.

His fellow-workmen at the camp had speculated and joked a good deal among themselves about his tardiness, but no one ventured to chaff him to his face. He greeted them with his queer friendly bob of the head as if nothing uncommon had happened, swung himself up on to a platform, and was soon mechanically measuring hatchet strokes with Tom, who stood on a similar elevation at the other side of the huge tree. He also heard Tom, as in a dream, deriding him for attempting to cleave wood with "the butt end of his chopper," offering his own axe as a surgical instrument to remove the "sleepy seeds" out of Sant's eyes. Whether in the body or out of the body would not have been a hard matter to tell regarding him; his spirit was undoubtedly in the clouds, rhythmically winging its flight to the music of "Hark! hark! the lark."

Hunger brought him somewhat to his senses. In the cook-house, at the rough plank table, where a jolly ravenous crew discussed Blue Arms's famous hash, and still more famous cookies, made without butter, eggs, or milk, and drank coffee thick with grounds after the Brazilian style, out of all sorts of vessels from tomato cans to glass goblets, Sant felt that he had something yet in common with material humanity, and consumed a fair share of the delicacies, not disdaining conversation. After the meal, however, he wandered off by himself, lighted a pipe, and lying down in the shadow of an eight-foot log, drifted back toward the enchanted land whither he had been so marvellously transported that morning. The song echoes which had ever since surged like waves within him now surrounded him, seeming to lift and sway him bodily. Again the outer world became as naught, and the soul enveloped all.

But brief is the sojourn of any mortal in such empyreal Eden.

Whopper Tom presently came lounging along, pipeless and restless, with the air of a man who, having no inward resources, would fain seek external helps to digestion. He squatted down beside the log, and picked his teeth with a large clasp-knife. "Reckon I got too much belly-timber aboard," said he.

Sant made no reply, either in the form of consolation or offers of relief; but this was too interesting a topic, in Tom's opinion, to be dropped simply in default of response.

"I hadn't ought to eat that last plate o' hash," he went on, in a melancholy tone; "my bread-basket was cram full a'ready. Blue Arms might know better'n to give us hash an' torpedoes same day"—torpedoes being a favorite dumpling of pastry made into balls about two inches in diameter, so named from a reputation they had of "busting a fellow all to flinders."

"Blue Arms knows how to cook fust-rate, tip-top, sky-high, but he's too lavishin'—too lavishin';" and Tom gazed wistfully at Sant, who lay on his back, with slouch hat drawn down over closed eyelids, smoking, apparently unmoved by the overloaded state of his comrade's stomach, and comfortably indifferent as to whether Blue Arms were "lavishin'" or not.

Tom perceived that the time had come to look about for a new subject. He stopped picking his teeth, and began to whittle a red chip. "Heard the new singin'-bird down to Kemper's?"

Sant suddenly untwisted his legs, and took his pipe out of his mouth. There was an odd glitter in his velvety eyes. "Who are you talking about?" he asked.

Tom was charmed at having struck a topic to which Sant seemed inclined to pay some heed, so he stretched himself out on the ground preparatory to a complete unbosoming of all he knew about the recent arrival.

"Then you hain't heard about the singin'-bird? Well, I'll tell you; she's jest come yesterday. Billy kep' her comin' a secret, so as to spring her on us fer a surprise. She's nothing worse nor better than a pretty young lady from on East, out here fer her lungs or somp'um; but Billy he says her lungs is all right; she kin holler most as loud as you kin, Sant. We're goin' to git her up here to the camp some day fer a trial o' skill—see which o' you two can skeer a tree down quickest. They hed a deuce of a time gittin' thet thar pianna o' her'n over. She brought it along with her from 'Frisco in the *scunner*, done up in tin like a corpse, an' ef you'll take my word for it, they started out to fetch it over from Toveco with one hoss, an' a limpsy one at that. Lord! you know the roads ain't any more level than the top of some folks' heads, an' when they got into them ruts about a yard deep, full o' water, you bet they stuck. She was in a wagin behind, with a trunk big enough fer her to git in, full o' the Lord knows what; them 'at lifted it said it was heavier than the pi-anna; but all *her* mind seemed to dwell on the pi-anna. It's a kind what sits up on its end, an' every time one rut 'd be a leetle deeper'n tother, thet instrument went a-teeterin' in the most oncartain manner. Well, after it once stuck, there was no gittin' it out with sech a hoss, so they waited with the top o' their wheels below-ground three livin' mortal hours, till Jim Banks—he was doin' the cartin'—rid the hoss over here and fetched back Goliath"—a colossal mule of about six-horse power—"an' they hitched him on to thet thar pi-anna, an' he drawed it easier'n ef it hed ben a loose tooth. Billy told Lenny Fox—it's Lenny as got her the place at Kemper's; he knowed her on East—Billy told him to tell her he had a tip-top organ, an' she might play and sing on it all she liked; but 'peared she *must* hev her pi-anna; so she hired one down to 'Frisco—reckon she's pretty well pervided with dust; don't seem to mind payin' for onnecessary things. Billy says she kin sing as good as mother 'most; but her songs hain't got so much tune to 'm as mother's hez. He says he don't rightly make 'em out fer tunes, but he hain't heard 'em all yet, seein' she hain't ben here long. He didn't ask none of us to call in last night, 'cause he thought she'd be tired out a-jouncin' over them roads; but he says she wa'n't tired worth a cent. She an' mother kep' it up all evenin'; she wouldn't sing onless mother went shares; an' 'fore they bunked, she proposed they'd all sing some gospel hymns together; made Billy jine in the chorus. Lord! I bet *that* scared the cayotes away. He's goin' to hev us down to hear her sing some time.

Tom paused for a moment, whittling very carefully, as if executing some difficult design, then added, in a tone of gentle surmise, "Reckon *you'll* be goin' to see her an' hev a sing too."

Sant jumped to his feet. "Time to go back to work," he said, and started for the tree, which now stood ankle-deep in fragrant chips, its bole quite encircled with a deep red wound, though still proudly tapering toward the green top three hundred feet in the blue, having no premonition of the imminent fate for which one pathetic epitaph seems to have been expressly written: "How are the mighty fallen!"

## CHAPTER II.

### "OH, HAD I THE WINGS OF A DOVE!"

NEARLY every morning that week, and often at evening, Sant, passing Kemper's, heard the rare voice of the singing-bird, but caught no glimpse of its plumage. He missed Mother Kemper, who now appeared to be so much taken up within-doors that she had no time even to scatter a few crumbs of Christian science about her door for passers-by to peck at. The other men, who had speedily availed themselves of Billy's general invitation to "call in," talked freely before Sant of Miss Bent and her songs, but Sant listened to them with a certain feeling of indignation, which he could hardly have accounted for.

It is true they spoke respectfully, after their fashion of respect; but to them she was evidently only a woman somewhat finer than "mother," with whose singing hers might be compared. To Sant she was a thing enskyed; her voice was a seraph's; he almost feared to meet her lest the materialization of his dream might dispel the mysterious charm which now encircled him.

One evening a horse stood tied at Kemper's door, and a man's saddle lay upon a stump near by. "Lenny Fox's Blackberry," thought Sant, remembering that Lenny and Miss Bent were acquainted. This was on a Saturday. Next morning as Sant dressed for church his pulses quickened pleasantly. He would surely see Miss Bent to-day—the Kempers would bring her to church; he had begun to feel a healthy human curiosity about her; maybe, after all, he would not be disillusioned.

Church-going was practised most assiduously by the Onnimodec settlement, if not as a means of grace, at least as a diversion. The sermons of the Rev. Benjamin Hellmost, who came over fortnightly from Toveco, received close attention and much subsequent discussion. Mr. Hellmost did not hate sin more than he hated "Christian science, falsely so called," and his fulminations against this arch heresy were almost too deafening to be understood. Mrs. Kemper rejoiced when he preached these sermons, for, having made no especial study of the subject, he denounced it on general grounds only. Now Mrs. Kemper claimed to have all the facts on her side, and therefore listened serenely, well knowing that she could answer any arguments—except Sant's—which might be suggested by Mr. Hellmost's theorizing.

Sometimes, after church, Billy would remark, in his simple mild way, "Pretty powerful talk o' Hellmost's."

"*Powerful!*" his spouse would reply. "I'll *read* you somethin' powerful when we git home. *Then* maybe you'll know where you stand." And after the reading Billy always knew where he stood—until next Sunday a fortnight, when the Rev. Hellmost came again.

Sant wore a black suit on Sundays, with white linen appointments. It was by no means so becoming as his red shirts; it somehow made his eyes look blacker and less poetical; but Sant, after sticking a sprig of alfilerilla in his button-hole, considered it the entirely correct thing.

He started very early for church this morning, for he was restless, and moreover he wished to be sure that things were clean and in order. No distinguished stranger had ever before set foot in the little meeting-house, which stood down at the cañon's mouth, not far from the saw-mill. The bare, shutterless building was not susceptible of much improvement with the means at hand. Sant found it tolerably clean, however, and satisfied himself by placing the organ, at which Mrs. Kemper presided, at what he considered a more artistic angle, and distributing the hymn-books among the seats, to save disturbance after service should begin.

It was wonderful to see the congregation that mustered in this wild, uninhabited-looking region. People sprang up as mysteriously as did Roderick Dhu's men, "through copse and heath." The women's and children's attire gave unmistakable tokens of acquaintance with those messengers whose feet are upon all mountains, even where missionaries have never trod, namely, the fashion magazines. This gave them a look of content; but the men seemed to be in a state of uncomfortable elegance.

They all stood around outside in groups, talking low, and eying one another. When Mr. Hellmost arrived and went in, they followed, gradually filling up the seats, beginning at the back.

All the men from the camp had come, but the Kempers still lingered. It was a custom here to wait until everybody that ever did come should come, or until credible word was given that the missing ones were not to be expected. So Mr. Hellmost looked out his places in Bible and hymn-book several times over; or sat with his great hand before his face, as if in prayer; or beckoned with huge forefinger to some one sitting below, with whom he held conversation in hoarse whispers that occasionally exploded in loud vocal tones. When this ceased, there was a deathly and awful stillness, broken occasionally by a cough, a shuffle, or a child's sigh. The sound of steps and voices from without came as a great relief, especially to Sant, who was beginning to imagine many impossible reasons why the Kempers should stay away, all connected in some sinister manner with the mysterious singer.

A pleasant stir went through the little congregation as Mother Kemper bustled up the aisle in her famous apple-green silk gown, followed by Billy and Miss Bent. Billy sidled into a pew half-way up, but the two ladies took front seats near the organ. Mr. Hellmost courteously stepped down from the pulpit to greet Mrs. Kemper and give her the hymns. They whispered together a little, and then service opened with the long-metre doxology, led by Sant, who, after starting everybody well on the tune, dropped into a bass which obliterated the tune or any other part; as for the organ, it was utterly overpowered, although Mrs. Kemper pumped heroically with both feet, and plunged into the key-board as if she were kneading bread. Mr. Hellmost did not attack Christian science this morning, he preached what is known as "a good gospel sermon"—the sort that, while generally convicting of sin, in particular exposes the sexton's delinquencies by raising clouds of dust from the pulpit cushion.

When the sermon came to an end, instead of following it, as usual, by a prayer addressed to a God who was evidently on a journey or asleep, he announced, in a suddenly altered tone, that "Dow we will lis'ed to a vocal selectiod su'g by a you'g lady who is provide'tially with us to-day." Whereupon the congregation, having never once taken their eyes off Miss Bent since her entrance, stared harder than before, and bobbed their heads about to catch a full view of her as she rose and stood by the organ. She did not look like any of them. Her costume was devoid of variety in its coloring, nor did it appear to have been made, except as skin is made. Her hands and feet were absurdly slender for their length—"mere slivers," thought Mr. Towne, who sat up front to help along the singing. He had once kept a shoe-store over at the Bluffs, and never had any call for shoes narrower than "D."

Meanwhile Sant gazed at Miss Bent's face. Her head was erect, but her gray eyes were turned down a little sideways, watching Mrs. Kemper play the prelude; then, at the signal of a sustained chord, the eyes looked up and the lips, so calmly closed, opened.

> "'Oh, had I the wings—the wings of a dove,
> Far away, far away would I rove,'"

she sang, in a clear voice. At first she gave no outward sign of emotion, save that her hands clasped each other tightly as the strain was repeated again and again, and drawn out in longing—a serene longing, as if the wish were a dream that had for the moment become real—

> "'Far away, far away would I rove.'"

Then the music quickened, and changed to something more passionate, and the gray eyes grew dark with earnestness, while the voice rolled, quivered, swelled:

> "'In the wilderness build me a nest,
> And remain there forever at rest.'"

There was pain in these tones. The dream had shown itself to be a dream only. Rest was not; only the deep, never-dying desire for it.

Just at this point it occurred to Whopper Tom that the church needed more air, so he straightway arose, clattered over to a corner, possessed himself of a long pole with a hook on the end of it, and was proceeding up the aisle, when Sant, disturbed from his trance, made a sudden bound, caught Tom by the collar, and held him firmly in the very act of raising the pole to open a window. It was a severe test of Miss Bent's powers of self-control to continue singing with this remarkable *tableau vivant* before her as if nothing had happened; nevertheless she accomplished it, her rich voice dying away without a tremor, the last tones being sustained in clearest *pianissimo:*

> "'And remain there forever at rest,
> Forever at rest.'"

She stood looking down for a moment, then took her seat. Sant relaxed his hold of Tom's collar, the elevated pole fell with a bang upon the floor, and Tom slunk into the nearest pew.

Service at length over, Mr. Hellmost introduced himself to Miss Bent, and some of the camp men who felt well enough acquainted pressed forward to greet her. Tom had the grace to apologize for his ill-timed act.

"I didn't mean to disturb no one," he said. "I kinder thought we'd all feel better if we had a little more air inside. Don't know what ailed Sant, though. Never seen him so excited."

Sant had gone out with the congregation, and stood alone by the steps when the Kempers appeared. In a moment more he had been presented to their guest. He knew that he ought to say something complimentary about her singing—Mrs. Kemper showed very plainly that she, at least, expected it—but to Sant it seemed a thing impossible. One would not say to a seraph: "Thanks. Your recital has given me great pleasure." One would kneel and veil his face.

But Mother Kemper had a strong sense of ownership in the singer who was an inmate of her household. Would not a part of the merited applause accrue in a certain way to her?

"I shouldn't be surprised if you enjoyed the music some this mornin'," said she, in a pleasant goading tone.

Sant felt the implied prick, but only turned helpless eyes toward Miss Bent—the same eyes that had inspired her when she began to sing, and had upheld her through the unfortunate window-pole episode.

She spoke for him. "Mr. Marcellus does not need to say anything; he has already shown how he enjoys music."

Sant's smile was like Californian sunshine. Sensitive people have been known to lower their eyes before it; and yet it had a pathetic power of bringing out hidden marks, as all strong light will do; it made the five lines on his forehead stand forth with unusual distinctness—those lines of sorrow and of music. Such a smile came now in grateful response to the words of Miss Bent, who felt as if a medal of honor had been bestowed upon her.

Seeing that he needed drawing out, she made a few kindly comments upon his leadership, adding, "But I want to hear you sing alone some time."

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Kemper, "it's worth something to hear him sing by hisself; then you can git all the good of his voice," never dreaming how vain had been her efforts at the organ. "Come up to-night, won't you? And we'll hev a reg'lar *see-ance*, as them spiritualist folks say over to Toveco."

Sant promised, and the Kemper party drove off.

By this the congregation had entirely dispersed, Mr. Hellmost was on his way back to the Bluffs, and the meeting-house closed for another fortnight.

Sant walked slowly up the cañon in his own company, which at present seemed poor and insufficient. Involuntarily he began to sing, as his custom was when any sense of emptiness oppressed him; but the song came unmusically out, and soon dwindled feebly into nothing. He went the rest of the way in silence. Reaching his house, he unlocked the red bark door mechanically, went in, and gazed around. Then he surveyed himself with some disgust, and rushed into his bedroom, soon emerging again clad as on week-days, in red shirt and coarse gray trousers, tightly belted. He now appeared to feel much more comfortable, and entered his little kitchen as if to make preparations for dinner; but here the same dissatisfaction attacked him, so, leaving things untouched, he went out on to the rock which formed his front door-yard. There, with feet dangling over the foaming water, he sat motionless and dreaming until the afternoon sun set behind the wall at his back and early twilight fell into the cañon's depths, bringing coolness and ineffable odors.

## CHAPTER III.

### ENCHANTMENT.

MRS. KEMPER had almost given up looking for Sant when he made his appearance that evening.

"I was tellin' Miss Bent," said she, in her quick, kind accents, "how you had a way o' gittin' to sleep wide-awake, an' not knowin' how time pahssed; an' I thought maybe you'd forgot you was a-comin'."

Sant did not confess that he had lingered, equally unwilling to put on his Sunday clothes again or to come red-shirted into Miss Bent's presence. At the last moment he had effected a hasty compromise in his costume, and felt very ill at ease in consequence; but one kerosene lamp near the piano left most of the little parlor in shadow, and Sant sat in the shadow.

Miss Bent sang several songs, at Mrs. Kemper's suggestion. Then, since her visitor had evidently come to be entertained, she turned to him, saying, "Perhaps you would like to hear some instrumental music, Mr. Marcellus?" and straightway opened a book and played. When she had finished one piece, she began another, not waiting for comments, which Sant, indeed, would have been incapable of making. Composers were all one to him. Schumann, Beethoven, Chopin—he had never heard of any of them. But what did their names matter? What they said was perfectly clear to him. They spoke in a language made expressly for his soul—ready-made, like that which we are told our first parents found awaiting them in Eden.

Celestine Bent was a true artist; that is, she could make others see things as she saw them. In a dramatic ballad she impressed whatever point in the action she chose upon her audience; in the modern psychological love-songs her own spiritual interpretations never failed to reach in some sort the minds of the most unspiritual listeners; and in the abstractions of pure instrumentation, even here she so wrought herself into her renderings that through the medium of that strong and simple personality the complexities of genius were made more or less clear.

Billy, who had a childish preference for the concrete, and avowedly liked songs "with real tunes to 'em" better than "pieces," puzzled himself greatly to know how certain combinations of sounds ever came to be called music, especially wondering "if that *Shoeman* wasn't some tetched in his head." Yet Billy himself, standing behind Celestine while she played the tremendous "Adagio Sostenuto" from Opus 106 (Beethoven), superclassical and intricate both in matter and in form, said, "Ain't you kinder hurtin' the piano's feelin's when you play that?" Had Billy been a dog he would have howled; as it was, he went out into the kitchen and read aloud to himself.

Sant sat quietly in his dusky corner watching the delicate hands come down like sledge-hammers, and feeling every shrieking chord like something heavy trampling upon his heart. How they pained with their tread! Every footmark was a wound. But what luxury in the pain! He was in that borderland of ecstasy which lies between agony and bliss.

Mrs. Kemper showed great uneasiness at his apparent irresponsiveness; she thought Miss Bent might feel hurt, and tried to make what reparation she could.

"That's about the best playin' *I* ever heard," she exclaimed. "Don't you say so, Sant? I'll tell you, I thought it beat everything when I heard Miss Freeman over to the Bluffs—she that the spirits taught. Why, you know"—turning to Celestine—"she hadn't never had a lesson, didn't know one note from another, couldn't ha-ardly tell the black keys from the white ones, an' she sot right down there before my eyes an' played all over the pi-anna to wunst. Never heard anything like it. But, *my!* you kin play all around *her*."

Sant could not be prevailed upon to sing this evening, either alone or in concert. All desire to hear his own voice had left him, and, in fact, since his late abortive attempt he was not sure that he had any voice. Mrs. Kemper got out the *Gospel Hymns* by way of lure, offering to call in Billy, who possessed a tenor at once robust and rudimentary, "for a quartet," but Sant made some excuse, shook hands in an abrupt way, and departed.

"What an odd man Mr. Marcellus is!" remarked Celestine.

"That's the way he always does," said Mrs. Kemper. "He just gits up an' goes."

A few mornings later Sant met Miss Bent down the road some distance below Kemper's ranch. He jerked off his hat, clapping it instantly back again after his manner of greeting, and would have passed on without speaking, for he was shy with women whom he did not know well, but Celestine stopped.

"I envy you your walk every day through this wonderful glen, Mr. Marcellus," said she.

"Yes, it's beautiful," replied Sant; "it never looks the same any two mornings."

"That is what we say in the East, but there our weather is constantly varying, while here you have no change. Since I arrived in San Francisco, two weeks ago and more, one day has been the exact counterpart of another."

"It don't seem so to me," said Sant.

"Why, look," she urged; "every morning the sun rises in a cloudless sky, shines all the way from east to west, and sets clear: what chance is there for change in the look of things?"

Sant pushed back his hat and gazed above him and around with a curiously earnest air of seeking in the rocks or heavens some indication of the feeling to which he had given utterance.

"It always seems different to me," he repeated; then going on, for her friendly manner encouraged him to boldness "Do you ever sing or play a thing twice the same way, Miss Bent? There's those that 'll think you do, and there isn't much use in telling them they're mistaken, but you feel some different every time yourself, and you can't help doing it differently. I don't know much about music—mine's a poor sort, to compare it with yours—but I know that some days my old guitar 'll talk to me, and some days it won't."

"Yes," said Celestine, eagerly, "you are right; all musicians feel so."

"Well, perhaps it's only a notion of mine," Sant continued, "but I think the weather's like music—maybe the matter's with my eyes or my feelings, but it seems as if it took more sun to lighten up some days than others."

Celestine watched him closely as he talked; she had never before had opportunities for knowing intimately the class of people among whom she now found herself, and already several of her preconceived fancies about them had fallen to the ground. Above all, she had supposed that to be uneducated was to be destitute of ideas—at least all ideas of a refined or æsthetic nature; but here was a man whom rude speech could not prevent from expressing a most subtle thought. She marked with a new interest and wonder the